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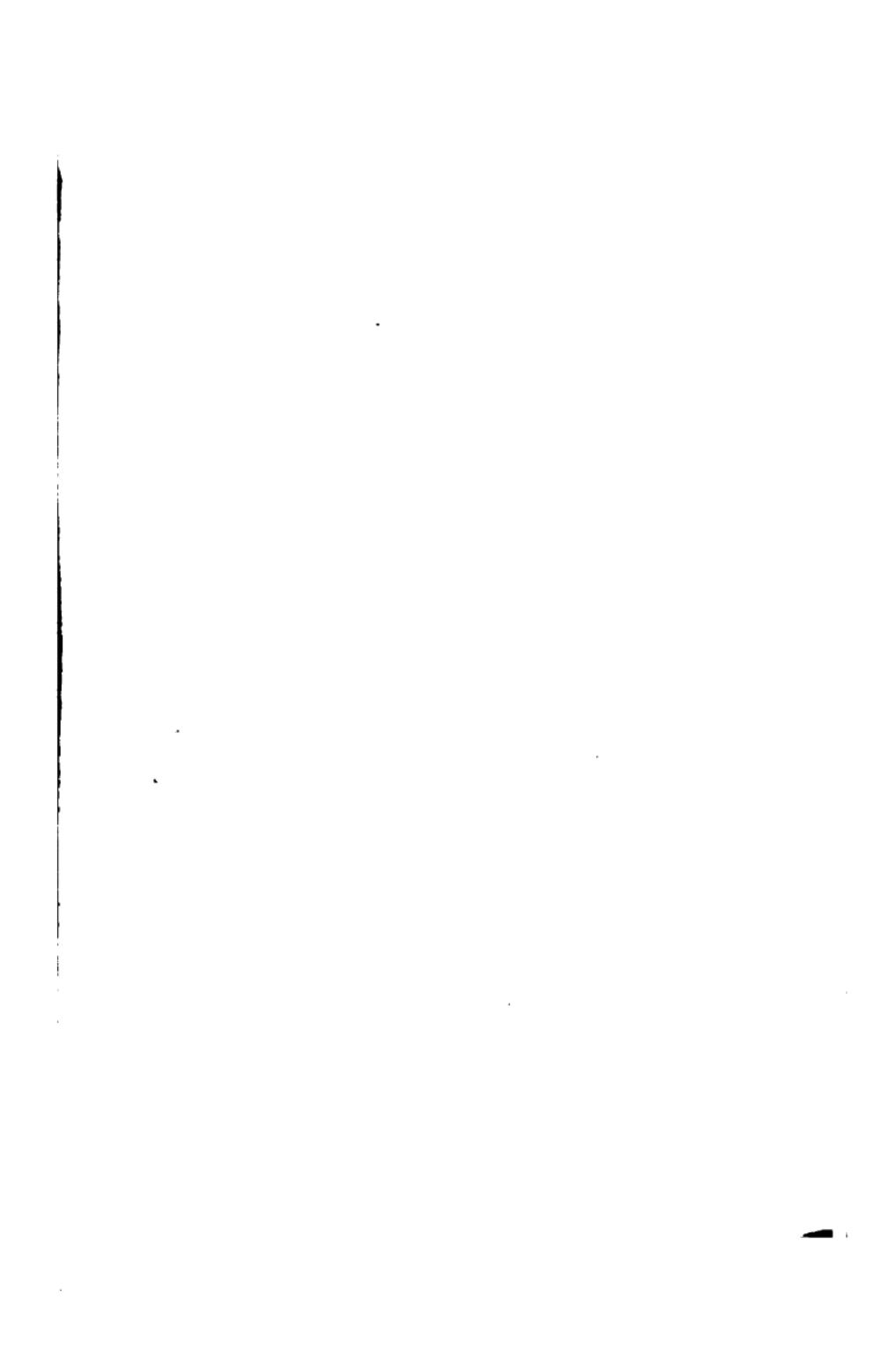
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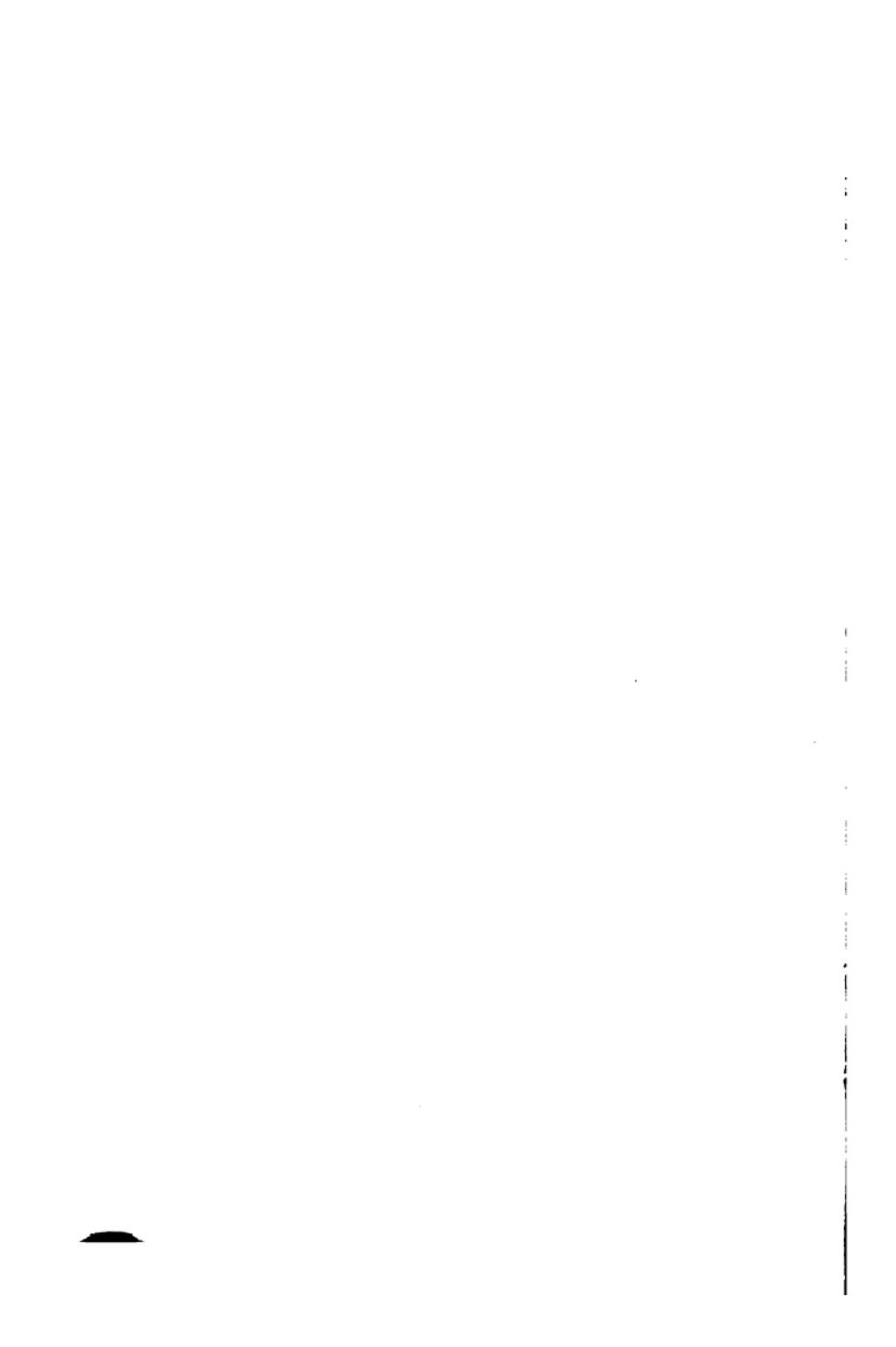
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NEW SERIES.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



1865.

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THE
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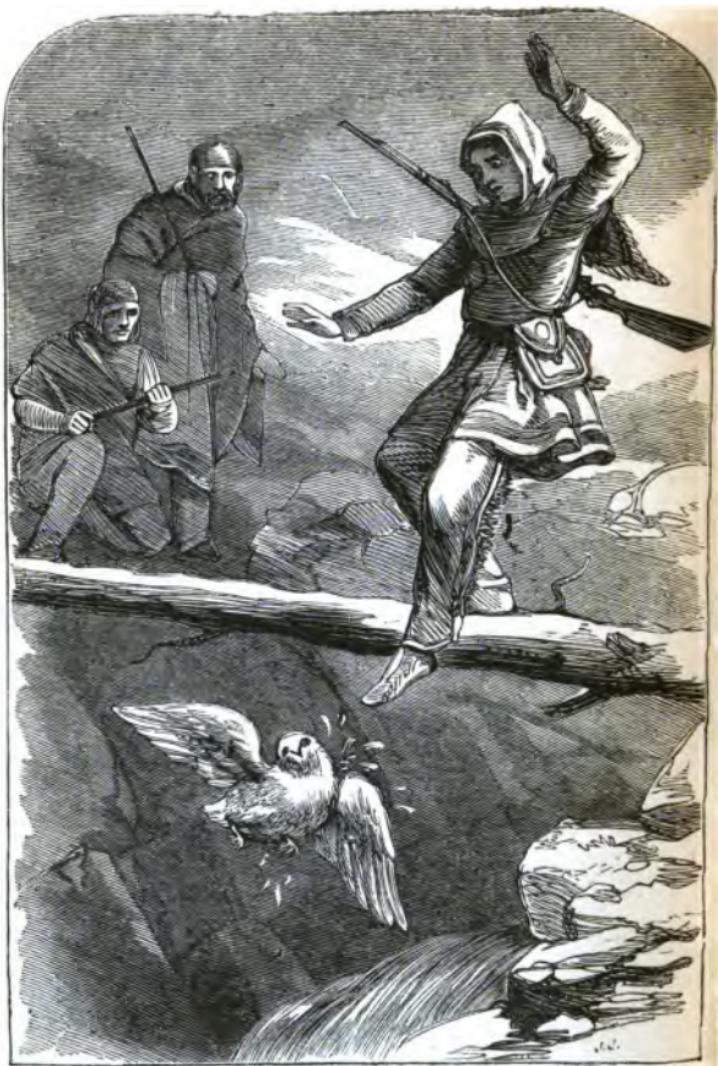
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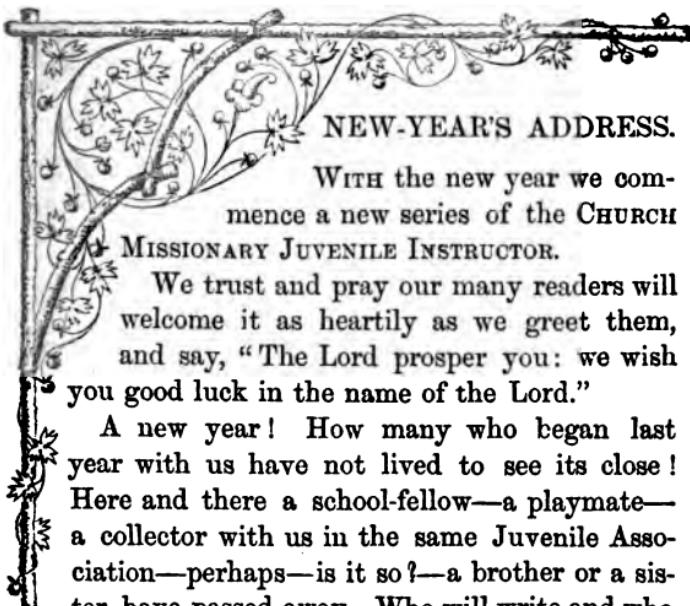
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THE FATAL SLIP. (*See page 6.*)

THE
Church Missionary
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NEW SERIES.



NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

WITH the new year we commence a new series of the CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

We trust and pray our many readers will welcome it as heartily as we greet them, and say, "The Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

A new year! How many who began last year with us have not lived to see its close! Here and there a school-fellow—a playmate—a collector with us in the same Juvenile Association—perhaps—is it so?—a brother or a sister, have passed away. Who will write and who will read the new-year's address for January 1866?

It is well to listen to God's voice, and to hear Him say, "Work . . . while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

And how shall we begin the new year?

Dear children, let us first look back upon the year that is past. We can remember many sins

And "who can tell how oft he offendeth?" God only knows. May He, in his mercy, forgive us our secret and all our faults. Did any of us do all for God that might have been done?

And if God enabled us to do any thing for Him and for the good of others—Let us give Him thanks, and say, "We praise thee, O Lord, for thy great mercy." If, during the year that is past, we learned to take a greater interest in Missionary work—if God put it into our hearts to deny ourselves—that our box might receive more, or the collection be greater ;—if God gave us the spirit of grace and supplication ;—if God enabled us to persuade *others* to take boxes, to become collectors, to read our little Magazine, or to attend our Missionary meetings—to God be all the praise.

And how shall we begin the new year? Not only confessing our sins, and with the voice of praise and thanksgiving, but also with the voice of prayer.

"O Lord our God, early will we seek thee. We pray thee to help us by Thy grace, this year to serve thee more and better than we ever yet have done. Lord hear our prayer! May we learn to love Jesus more, and, for his sake, may we seek to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature'! May we rejoice to work for thee, O God! Do Thou, O God, bless our efforts; and may many of the poor heathen this year be turned from sin to righteousness, and from serving dumb idols to serve Thee, the only true God, for Jesus Christ's sake!
Amen."

THE FATAL SLIP.

IN the picture at the beginning of this Number you will observe three men—the one an European, the other two natives of North-west America. It happened, not long ago, that an Englishman living in those bleak and dreary regions, for the purpose of trading in the skins of the animals that abound there, and whose fur is much valued in this country, heard in his lonely dwelling, by an Indian messenger, of the serious and alarming illness of a brother. This brother, who was very dear to him, was separated from him by a waste, wild and almost impassable at that, the winter season of the year. Even the natives were reluctant to attempt a journey so full of difficulty and of danger. The sick brother was also an only brother, and love said, "You must go." Companions tried to dissuade him from the attempt, but love was strong, and, accompanied by two Indians, father and son, the Englishman set out on his journey. With rifles in their hands, and the bear-skin blanket and haversack slung over their shoulders, they set out. They had to thread their way through wild passes, to cross vast frozen swamps, where the tempestuous north wind almost swept them from their feet. They toiled through dark tracts of pine-forest, and heard, day and night, the dismal howlings of the wolf and the panther.

When night came, the Indians heaped together dry logs and brands, and made a large fire, at which they boiled their coffee and cooked their food. The nearest fir-thicket afforded them a shelter. Branches of cut fir made the bedstead; on them was spread the warm bear-skin. Our Missionaries in Rupert's Land have

often "camped out" in this way when journeying from one station to another, or when in search of the wandering tribes of Indians. When nearly two-thirds of the journey was accomplished, a very distant sound broke on the death-like stillness. As they advanced the sound became more and more distinct—the sound of a rushing mighty stream. Soon they reached the brink of a dark rocky chasm, through whose depths, some seventy feet below, a river rushed with fearful violence.

This river had to be crossed. Looking about, they saw a pine-tree lying across the chasm. This furnished them with a bridge: it was a dangerous, slippery bridge. The round trunk was covered with frozen snow, as brilliant and as smooth as glass. However, the Indians seemed to make nothing of the danger. They passed and re-passed the chasm, conveying across the snow-shoes, rifles, and provisions. Last of all the Englishman crossed. They were about to resume their journey, when it was discovered that one of the bear-skins had been left behind. The younger of the Indians, laughing at the fears the Englishman expressed for his safety, bounded on to the tree. With a light, swift step and erect bearing, he walked along the perilous path. He had reached the centre of the bridge, when a great owl swooped suddenly down, evidently about to settle on the tree before him. This would have been embarrassing. In a moment the father's rifle sounded, and the huge bird fell through the air a fluttering mass of snow-white feathers. It was only an exchange of evils. The nerves of the young Indian were not equal to the shock. He started, his foot slid on the polished block, he lost his balance, and fell headlong down the dark abyss.

"The cry of bitter anguish which burst from the

father's lips," writes the Englishman, "I shall never forget. He hung over the dark torrent convulsed with an agony of grief, anguish, and despair. Ere the journey was concluded his reason deserted him. He became mad."

We have recorded and illustrated this incident, because it refers to a land and a people in which we take a deep Missionary interest, and because it reminds us of an article of the Red Indian's heathen faith. It is believed by some of them, that when the soul at death departs from the body it will have a long, a lonely, and a perilous journey to take. After a time it will reach the brink of a river which runs at the bottom of a deep and dark abyss. Over the terrible chasm a tree bends. Its roots are on the opposite side, its branches nearly reach across. The soul, so they say, must spring forward and lay hold of the tree. If it succeeds in doing so, it gains the other side and enters paradise. If it fails to reach a branch, it falls—falls to perish—to come to an end. Such is their belief. What says the Missionary to the Red Indian? He tells him that sin has made an awful chasm between earth and heaven—a dark chasm no man can cross. He tells him that Christ has bridged over this terrible abyss. As God, He is on the other side—heaven. As man, He is here—on earth. He tells him that the abyss is quite bridged over, and that there is no danger of being lost for those who seek to reach heaven through Him, who said, "I am the way."

And have the hardy Red Indians believed the word? Yea, many have. Fifteen European Missionaries are abouring there, and seven country-born native clergymen. More than 1000 communicants gather round the table of the Lord; and our young readers will be

interested to know there are twenty-one schools, containing nearly 1000 scholars.

Mr. Kirkby, who has charge of the Mackenzie-River district, reports the happy death of a Christian friend, a tradesman in the employ of the Hudson's-Bay Company. His conversion was as interesting as remarkable. He came from England a careless, thoughtless man. From York Factory he was sent up to Norway House in a boat, manned by Christian Indians. During the voyage of twenty days the example of these poor Indians was blessed by God to his highest good. He noticed their habit of morning and evening prayer, their kindness to himself, and their devout observance of the Lord's-day. Other boats might go on, but not theirs.

He was distressed to think that he who had just come from a land of Christian privileges should be so careless of his soul and forgetful of his Saviour, whilst these Red Indians—they cared for the one and loved the other. One evening, whilst the Indians were at their prayers, he plunged into the woods, and, falling on his knees, for the first time in his life, sought God's pardoning mercy. He found it. Now in heaven he has testified to the fidelity of these Indians, who, wherever they went, "preached the Gospel."

SHANGO AND OTHERS, AFRICAN IDOLS.

THESE idols are carved in wood, and about seventeen inches in height. They are drawn from the originals, and were sent home from Abbeokuta by the Rev. H. Townsend, one of our Missionaries residing there. The pair to the right hand of

the cut is called *Ossehin*. There is a curious history connected with them. They were originally placed on each side of the entrance to a chief's house, to protect the dwelling and its inmates from harm. The house took fire, as is but too common in Africa, and the idols were so little able to afford protection, that they but narrowly escaped destruction themselves. They are much charred, and the features nearly obliterated by the fire. Shango, to the left of the illustration, is a celebrated idol amongst the Yoruba people of Western Africa. He was one of the ancient kings of the country, but he was such an extraordinary person, that, when he spoke, fire issued out of his mouth: the people thought they could not live with such a king, but none dared mention the case to him. However, one was sent to him, to request him to give up public business; upon which he replied that he would, but that he would kill any one who should deal treacherously with him; so he left Oyo, the capital, and sunk into the earth in Kuso, a suburb of Oyo. The chain by which he descended is said to be still in Kuso, in which very spot he was always worshipped. Shango had one sister and five brothers, who also followed his example. Since the arrival of Shango and his relatives in the invisible world, lightnings have become more vivid, thunders more terrifically loud, they being the united action of these mysterious personages. The wife of Shango is called Oya: it is her office to blend the strong tornadoes, or fierce storms which precede lightning and thunder.



SHANGO AND OTHER AFRICAN IDOLS.

The V-like ornament on the head of Shango is the emblem of thunder, probably having some reference to the forked or zig-zag appearance of lightning. The marks on the cheek are the ordinary tattoo marks of the people, and it is somewhat remarkable that all the figures are in a kneeling posture.

The above description of Shango was originally supplied by the Rev. Dr. Crowther, Bishop of the Niger territory.

How true it is of idols, that "they that make them are like unto them," and what a blessed thing it is to know the one only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent! Millions of poor heathen are yet destitute of that knowledge which is so precious to the true Christian: then

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, oh salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

G. T.

~~~~~

### MISSIONS IN BENGAL CALCUTTA MISSION.

CALCUTTA, the capital of British India, is situated on the left bank of the river Hoogly, and is about 100 miles from the sea. It contains a population of about

half a million. Many, as in the case of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns, reside in the country, and visit the city daily to attend to their business. There are, perhaps, 300,000 such. The name of the city is derived from a small village, which used to exist where Fort William now stands, and which was known to the natives as "Kali Ghat," *i.e.* "The bathing-place of the goddess Kali." Hence the present city came to be called Calcutta.

It may interest some to know that the first clergyman of the Church of England sent out as a Missionary to India was the Rev. William Greenwood. He was a native of Dewsbury in Yorkshire, and for some months curate of Knutsford in Cheshire. It was in the year 1816 that this the first Missionary of our Society was appointed to Calcutta.

In the year 1820 a small estate was bought at Mirzapore, a district in the very heart of the part in which the natives reside. Here is a church, a school for native boys, a boarding school for Christian girls, and a large native-Christian village which has clustered round the Mission compound. There are at present, in the city and the out-stations connected with the Calcutta Mission, eight Missionaries and one native clergyman. Thanks be to God, the native Christians number more than one thousand.

During the past year, besides ministering to the native Christians, our Missionaries have daily preached the Gospel in the streets. Like St. Paul of old, in the neighbourhood of the Mission station they have visited the people from house to house, and exhorted them. Brahminism, the religion of the natives, seems to be fast losing its hold on the people. The year before last a sect arose which believed in a god who, they

said, was all mercy, and too kind to punish any one. Last year they made for themselves a god all just, and too righteous to pardon any one. May they soon learn to know the true God, who is "all merciful *and* all just," who, in Christ Jesus, is a just God still, and yet is to be found ready to pardon the penitent sinner. For more than three years the Missionaries have been in the habit of visiting the villages round Calcutta. Last year, one day in each week was set apart for this work. The two railway stations are close to the Mission stations, and the principal towns on both lines are from time to time visited by the messengers of peace.

That such excursions are not in vain a very pleasing event has proved. Three years ago two catechists visited a village. They were met by one man, better educated than his fellows, who very much opposed them and their preaching. He was a stout Hindu, and argued and spoke eloquently on behalf of his religion. Others listened: he opposed. The preachers thought him the least hopeful of all. God sees not as man sees. He had already chosen that poor idolater to be a vessel of mercy. The word sunk into his heart. Month after month passed, and his conviction of the truth of Christianity was deepened. He pondered, read, inquired, and at last he became a candidate for baptism. Now he shows himself, like Paul, anxious to preach the faith he once laboured to destroy. Let us glorify God in Him. Thus God works, as of old, so now, and so till the end; when the kingdom shall be come, and God's will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.

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## LITTLE FREDDY.

SOME time ago a little boy returned home from school for the purpose of spending his holidays. During the holidays he went into the country to see his grandpapa and uncle. They were so much pleased with the improvement which their young relative had made during the half-year that they gave him a crown-piece in proof of their approbation. On returning home the little fellow told his papa the circumstances of his visit, and, with great glee, exhibited his crown-piece.

With boyish delight, he naturally began to talk of the way in which he should spend his newly-gained present; and, after mentioning other things, concluded by saying, "I shall give a shilling to the collection to-morrow evening." By - and - bye his papa said, "Freddy, you may keep your five shillings to yourself, and I will give you a shilling to put into the collection to-morrow."

The Sunday came, Freddy went to church, and the collection was made. On returning from church, his papa said, "Well, Freddy, did you put your shilling into the collection?"

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and my five shillings too." His papa made no reply, but, with a child's instinctive quickness, Freddy thought a slight shade passed over the brow of his papa, as if he were not quite pleased with the liberality he had displayed. The next morning his papa, who was a doctor, went out to see his patients. When he returned he found Freddy sitting at the table, with a piece of paper before him, on which he had been writing. He said, "See, papa, that was the reason why I gave my five shillings

last night." He had found and written the text in Proverbs iii. 27 — "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." "Now you know, papa," added the little fellow, "it was in the power of my hand to give the five shillings: so I gave it."

Need it be told how the father's heart filled with joy at the conduct of his child? And need I say how sad I felt, when, not long after, I received a card, with a deep black border, "in affectionate remembrance of Freddy, the only child of his widowed father?" R. E. R.

---

### THE HAPPY INVENTION.

A STORY! a story! dear children that read  
 The little "Green Book," to my story give heed.  
 Now all be attentive; the story is true,  
 And here it is printed expressly for you.

From a coal-pit in Yorkshire there constantly rose  
 What miners regard as the worst of their foes,  
 The gas which they fear: it was hid from their sight,  
 And numbers it killed when they went with a light.

But now a most *happy invention* has proved  
 Successful, and danger is wholly removed;  
 For that which before was the object of dread,  
 Is made, like a sunbeam, its beauty to shed.

You say, "How is this?" All the gas that before  
 The workmen so dreaded, molests them no more;  
 As soon as it rises, collected and stored,  
 It scatters no longer destruction abroad;

But safely conveyed, by a pipe through the mine,  
 'Tis lighted, and made without ceasing to shine ;  
 Thus the miners are safe ; and, well pleased in its ray,  
 Proceed with their labour by night and by day.

Young friends, let us all be instructed from hence  
 What to do with our sovereigns, and shillings, and  
 pence,

The sums that too often are squander'd in vain,  
 Or else to buy finery, poison, or pain.

Henceforth let them all be *collected*, and go  
 To regions of darkness, and sorrow, and woe ;  
 Let them go to the heathen, far distant away,  
 And light in *dark places* the Gospel's sweet ray.

So, surely from money, the plentiful root  
 Of evil, shall issue acceptable fruit ;  
 And *mammon*, so fatal in blinding the eyes,  
 Be turned to a *beacon* that points to the skies.

Oh, now that another new year has began,  
 Do work for the heathen as much as you can :  
 God grant you, young readers, a happy new year !  
 Be humble, be watchful, and *be of good cheer*.

Cottingham, January 1, 1865.

C. O.

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Being a Prize Essay on "The Best Method of Infusing a Missionary spirit into the Education of the Young." With an Introduction by the Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Pancras, London.

This Essay gained the prize of 50*l.*, offered by the Rev. CHARLES HODGSON, Rector of Burton-le-Street, for the best Essay on this subject. It will be found to contain many very valuable suggestions to Teachers who have this important end in view.

The Rev. W. W. Champneys, in his Introduction, says—"I venture to recommend this Essay to candid, prayerful, and thoughtful perusal; in the hope that some at least, to whom God's providence has committed the precious trust of young minds, may be led to see 'The Golden Opportunity,' and use it to God's glory."

"A well-written and lengthy exposition of the theory of the Missionary work; its progress, results, and probable future; the influence of the young over Missions, of Teachers over the young; and the means to be employed in schools to revive the Missionary spirit."—*English Churchman.*

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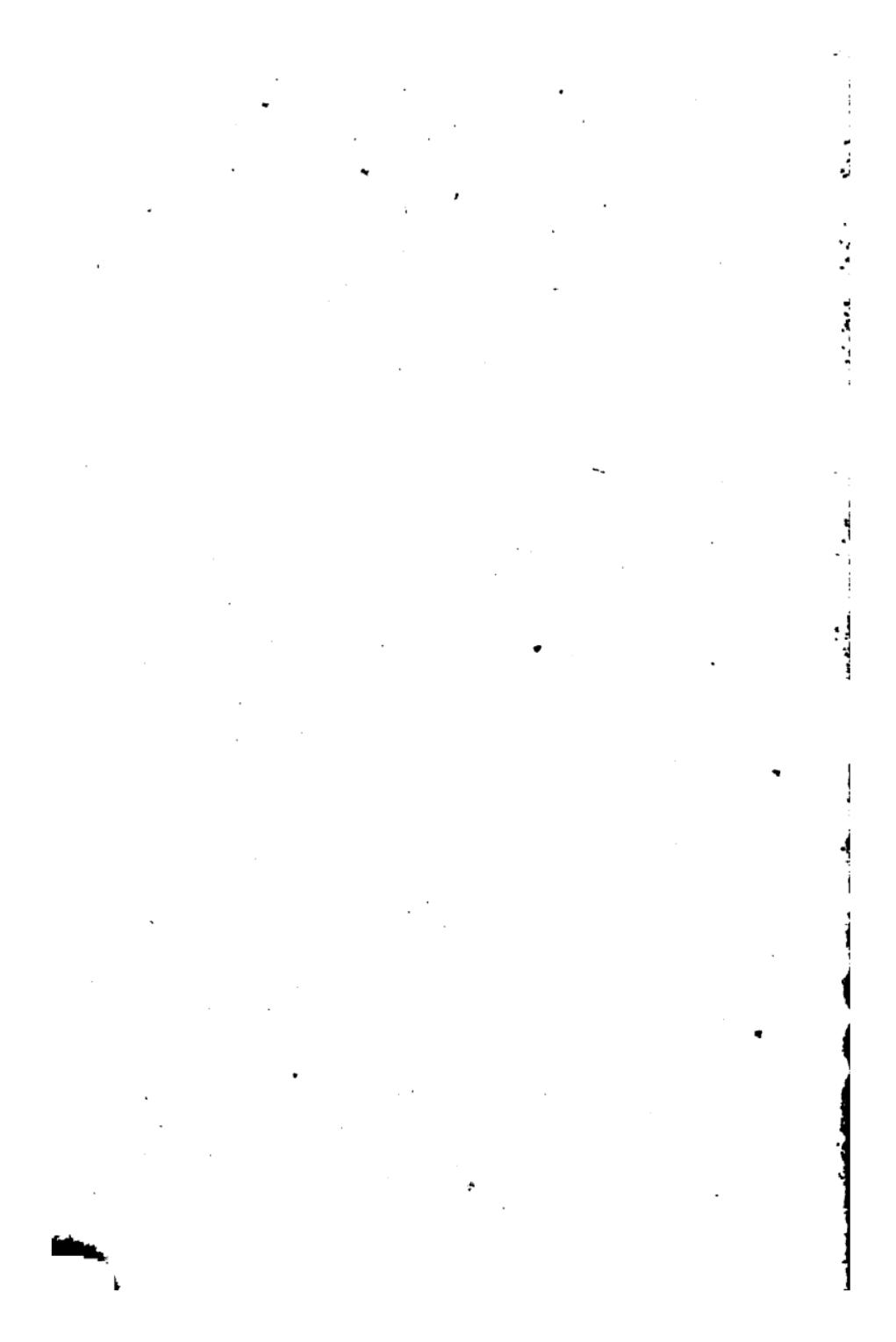
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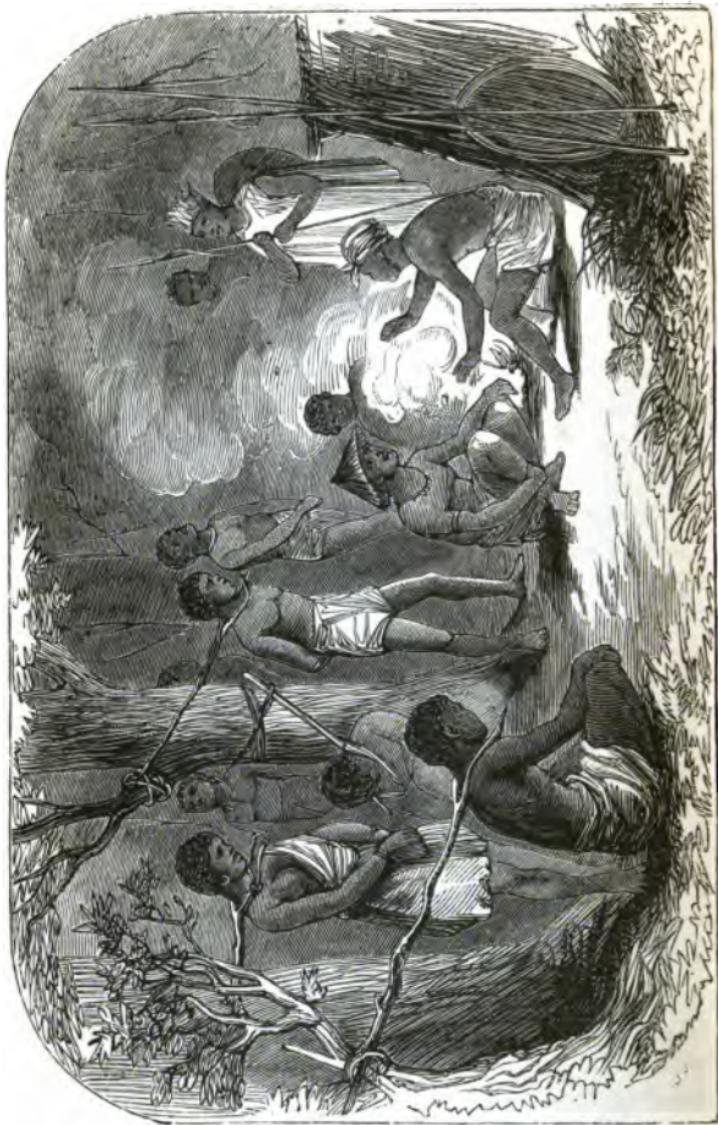
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FEB.

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AN ENCAMPMENT OF SLAVE DEALERS.

## AN ENCAMPMENT OF SLAVE DEALERS.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, who is now in England, has given us a sad account of the evils of the slave-trade in the interior of Africa. Thousands of poor Africans are yearly taken away and sold into slavery. Wherever you go, slave parties are to be met with. The men who form these parties carry what are called "*slave sticks.*" Each "*slave stick*" is forked at the end, and is fastened round the necks of the poor captives. When they encamp for the night, the other end of the stick is fastened to the trunk of a tree. Thus secured, the poor creatures spend their night. Escape is out of the question. Hopeless and sleepless must such nights be! Oh when shall the glad sound of jubilee be heard everywhere in Africa? When shall the captives be set free? As, during the course of the year, you read of what has been done, by God's blessing, in Africa, through the preaching of the Gospel, never forget *how much more remains to be done.* What are our few Missionaries among so many? Pray God to add to their number, and to pour out of his Holy Spirit, that their labours may not be in vain in the Lord.



## PERILS BY SEA AND BY LAND.

LAST year, the Rev. T. M'Clatchie left England for Missionary work on the coast of China. He was no stranger there. He was one of the Missionaries who commenced the Mission work of our Society in China

twenty years ago. After ten years' labour, he was compelled to return to England. In the good providence of God his health has been restored, and he has gone out again.

He was directed to visit a place called Yen-tae, sometimes called Che-foo. The town is situated on the promontory of Shan-tung, and is about midway between Nanking and Peking. The province of Shan-tung, which is one of the eighteen provinces of China, contains more people than England, Ireland, and Scotland. "What a number!" you say. Yes; if the judgment trumpet were this moment to sound, and you, and I, and they, were called to stand before Jesus Christ, the Judge, they would nearly all, alas! be found to be idolaters; and it is written, "Idolaters shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

After a short stay at Shanghae Mr. M'Clatchie embarked on board a steamer bound for Yen-tae. Besides passengers, he was accompanied by two American Missionaries and their wives, a Missionary from the Scotch Bible Society with his wife and child, a naval officer, and a merchant. During a storm of wind and snow, the captain mistook his course, and the vessel ran ashore. She struck several times, and then remained firm in the sand, with the sea washing over her.

What an awful situation to be in! But did the good Missionary's heart fail him? No: he put his trust in God. He knew that no *evil* could befall him, and that God would do all things well. There was great confusion. The native sailors refused to obey the captain. Some drank brandy; others began to plunder the passengers' luggage, — covetous of money, though despairing of life. A young lad, who had attended a Chinese service at Shanghae, and with whom Mr. M'Clatchie had

had some conversation about Christianity, came to him now and said, "Now is the time to believe in Jesus and to pray to Him." Turning to a companion he said, "Kyou-ko Yasoo-mieh haou;" *i.e.* "It is a good thing to pray to Jesus."

Before any attempt was made to reach the shore, the little band of Christian people knelt together in the cabin, and, in prayer, committed themselves, both body and soul, to God's protection. Then they went on deck. A boat was lowered, and though the waves tossed it about, and the night was dark, it reached the shore safely. A rope, one end of which was on board the ship, was now fastened to an anchor buried in the sand. By the help of this rope the boat was passed to and fro, from the ship to the shore, which, by God's great mercy, all reached in safety.

But their dangers and sufferings had not yet ended. The cold was intense, and the snow lay several feet deep on the ground. The night was dark. No path could be found. They wandered over fields of ice, in which they constantly sunk in wet and mud. The ladies and the little child suffered very much. They thought they were near to Yen-tae, but after wandering about for more than three hours, they were unable to discover either house, village, or town. What should they do? Some said, "Choose a sheltered spot; roll up the ladies in the blankets, and wait for daybreak." Others said, "It is dangerous to sleep in the snow: let us go on." So on they went. Soon one of the party heard dogs barking, and, guided by the sound, in another hour they reached the village of Kae-day-ko. It was now four o'clock in the morning. All rejoiced to think they should now get shelter and food.

On entering the village, they knocked at the door

of the first farm-house they came to. Some of the poor ladies were so tired that they sat down in the snow; others kept walking up and down to keep their feet from being frozen. Here was a disappointment. The owner of the house, afraid they were robbers, would not admit them. "No: they must go away." Just then a neighbour, who had heard them knocking and shouting, came up. He, too, would not take them into his house, but he made a fire for them outside. After a time God moved him to pity and trust them, and he invited them in. Need I say how thankful they all felt. The half-frozen ladies were huddled together on a bed over a fire-place, in which a fire was lighted. Then some tea was made. Cold and hungry, they gladly partook of the coarse food their host placed before them.

As the room was small, Mr. M'Clatchie and two others went in search of other shelter. After many refusals they found a lad who took them to his home. The one bed at their disposal was occupied by Mr. M'Clatchie's two companions, whilst he sat by the fire, waiting for daybreak, and consoling himself by singing to himself his favourite hymn, "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes," "and," he writes, "I felt as happy as a king. What a mercy it is, thought I to myself, that the Lord has permitted me to return to China as his ambassador, and what comfort there is in our suffering discomfort in his service."

When morning dawned, Mr. M'Clatchie and two native merchants set out for Yen-tae. The distance they found was thirty miles. Three mules were procured. "First," writes Mr. M'Clatchie, "a wooden frame, like that used to support panniers on the

backs of our donkeys at home, were strapped on: over this was thrown a sackcloth cushion; and over that, on my mule, was placed a blue longcloth cushion: rattan stirrups, fastened to the wooden frame by thick cordage, &c., and a strip of broad sackcloth for the bridle completed the trappings." Mr. M'Clatchie was glad to accept of a sweet potato, offered him by a labouring man who sat on his heels on a low bench, eating his breakfast, and then, each attended by a muleteer, the three set out.

They reached the town of Tau-djaou-ho about one o'clock. Here they put up at an inn to dine. "Although," writes Mr. M'Clatchie, "I had walked some five or six miles of my journey, yet, as my trowsers were frozen and my shoes and stockings quite wet when I got off my mule, I could hardly stand, my feet pained me so. There was no fire, of course. When one was lighted, as there was no chimney, the smoke pained my eyes so much that I was obliged to run up and down the yard to get warm, to the great amusement of several Chinese, who stood looking on, and laughing heartily."

Here Mr. M'Clatchie tried to hire a litter, but no one would supply one, and he was compelled to continue his ride, suffering all the time excessive pain. At last, about five o'clock, they safely reached Yen-tae, where a kind welcome from Christian friends, a warm bed, and wholesome food, soon refreshed and restored our poor traveller.

You will rejoice to know that his health has not materially suffered from his exposure and privations. Yen-tae was not found a suitable place in which to establish a Mission of our Society; so, after a short stay, Mr. M'Clatchie proceeded to Peking, where he now is,

Our readers, we trust, will henceforth take an interest in the labours of this good Missionary, and we hope from time to time to inform them of his doings.

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SUGGESTIONS.

We have received the report of one of our best worked and most satisfactory Juvenile Associations.

It was formed in 1851, when the sum received was 38*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* It contributed to the Parent Society, in 1864, 80*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*

Our correspondent writes — “The item under the head of Sunday schools is large, viz. 32*l.*; and perhaps you may be able by-and-bye to suggest my plan, which, I think, if generally adopted, would result in a large sum being realized for our dear Society.

All my teachers are supplied with the ‘Green Book’ and other Church Missionary Society Publications, or the last Sunday but one of each month; so that, during the week, they can select interesting accounts to read or to relate to the children on the following Sunday.

The last half hour of the last Sunday of every month is given up to the Missionary cause, and the afternoon closes with a short address from the clergyman. Then, for collecting, I strongly recommend collecting-cards being supplied to each teacher in preference to the box going round, and each child learning to become a weekly contributor, however small. At the end of the year the amount collected by each class is read, and the sum total collected by the scholars is announced. This plan has introduced in my school a Missionary spirit, which for fifteen years I have never known to flag.”

BUDDHISM.

MANY of our young readers and contributors are probably ignorant of what Buddhism is. Buddhism is that system of religious belief held by the largest number of the heathen population in the whole world. Its followers are calculated to number at least three hundred and fifty millions of people, occupying the vast regions of central and eastern Asia, Japan, Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, and Thibet and Tartary in the north. Such is the power of the prince of darkness !

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

A wonderful and mysterious personage was Gotama, or Guatama Buddha, the founder of this dark and debasing system of heathenism. He is said to have appeared about 600 years before the Christian era. Buddhism is made up of legends, superstitions, and absurdities, almost beyond belief, did we not know that Satan blinds the eyes, corrupts the understanding, and hardens the hearts of those whom he keeps in bondage. We give a specimen or two from among the many, just to show what the system is.

According to the Buddhist belief, the earth is immovable, and upon it is placed a round mountain,



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

one million and a half miles in height, the earth itself being two and a half millions of miles in thickness, below which are three worlds, of stone, water, and wind, each of incredible thickness. The Buddhists' sun is 500 miles in height, length, and breadth, and 1500 in circuit. The moon is said to be 490 miles in length, breadth, and thickness, and 1470 in circuit. Notwithstanding these dimensions, both luminaries are swallowed by a certain Assur Rahu, a giant of prodigious size, whose mouth is 3000 miles deep, with head and limbs of suitable proportions !

This is only just a sample of the absurdities of Buddhism.

Among other objects of worship is that of Guatama's foot, on high mountains, where he is supposed to have trodden in pursuing some of his marvellous journeys. How striking is the remark of a Christian native, upon attending a traveller in Siam amongst the grand and sublime scenery, where one of these pretended footsteps is shown—"Oh, master! the Siamese see Buddha on a stone, and do not see God in these grand things ;" and how sad is the thought that so many thousands of the poor heathen are thus blindly following an imaginary footstep, not knowing that there is but *one* only way to holiness and to God ! "Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Another of their precious relics is the *Sacred Tooth of Buddha*, enclosed in several cases ornamented

with gold and precious stones, and kept in the principal temple at Kandy, Ceylon. Another temple in the same island is said to contain the right jaw-bone of Gotama Buddha.

The religious ceremonies performed by the Buddhists in Ceylon consist chiefly in listening to the reading of the discourses of Buddha, who was considered the most perfect of human beings; making offerings to his image or relics, and to the priests; and also demon or devil worship, to which they resort in all times of sickness or distress.

The priesthood is marked by a yellow robe, and may be assumed or resigned at pleasure, and the priests are forbidden to marry. The figure on the left hand of our illustration is from a native drawing made in Colombo (Ceylon).

G. T.



MINNIE'S WISH AND HOW IT WAS GRATIFIED.

MINNIE's mamma was sitting at her work-table. Little Minnie was busy with her toys. On a low table she had a pretty puzzle: it was a Scripture puzzle, and when all the pieces were put together, they made a pretty picture of Jesus taking little children into his arms and blessing them. But the puzzle was only half done.

On the floor was dolly, and by it a cradle, just big enough for dolly; but the bed clothes — the little blanket and sheet, and pillow and quilt — were lying about, all untidy and uncared for. Dolly, too, was only

half dressed; and the pretty bonnet aunt Mary had given Minnie only two days ago she had just trodden on.

"Oh, dear me!" Minnie cried out, when tears began to flow; "I wish I was happy."

"And why is not my little girl happy?" asked her mamma.

"Why, mamma," said Minnie, "I have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do, my dear, and all these pretty playthings."

"But, mamma, I am tired of them all; I don't care about them."

"Now, put dolly to bed, Minnie, and then put the puzzle in the box."

"Oh! mamma, *I am* so tired: may not I ring the bell for Susan?"

"No Minnie. Susan has enough to do already: you must put your own playthings away."

So Minnie did as she was told, for she was a good girl, and loved to do as she was told. Already she began to feel happier, and when dolly was in her cradle, and the bonnet in dolly's drawer, and the puzzle in its box, she looked, and really was, twice as happy as she was before.

"And now, Minnie," said her mamma, "if you are not too tired, I should be glad if you would do something for me, dear."

"Yes, mamma; and what is it?"

"Look here: will you take these pins out of the paper, and stick them in the little pincushion I have been making?"

Now, perhaps you think this was not half such good fun as playing with dolly, especially when very tired; but Minnie loved her mamma, and at once did as she was desired.

"What are these for?" asked inquisitive Minnie, for she was *never tired of asking questions*.

"They are for aunt's Missionary basket."

"What's a Missionary basket? Oh, mamma, is it that great basket with a cover that aunty showed me, all full of pretty things? You know, mamma, my doll's bonnet came out of it. And, mamma, why did aunt Mary say she must put sixpence into the box?"

"Such a lot of questions altogether, Minnie. Now listen, and I will tell you about aunt's basket, for that is the Missionary basket. Do you know any thing about the Missionaries?"

"Oh yes, mamma. You read to me about them out of my own little book."

"Yes, Minnie; I read to you about them out of the 'little green book,' and I told you they are good men and women who go to tell the poor heathen about Jesus."

"Yes, mamma, I remember about the poor children who play at making idols out of wood. I did laugh so when I saw the picture."

"Yes; and dear Minnie was sorry, was she not? when I told her that God was angry with them for doing so, and how unhappy the poor children are."

"Yes, mamma; but what good is the basket?"

"Well, be patient, my dear, and I will tell you."

"It must cost a great deal of money to send a Missionary to India, must it not? You remember how much papa paid for our tickets to go to London the other day, and it is a thousand times as far again to India."

"But, mamma, they can't go to India in the train."

"No, no. They have to go in great ships, and besides the cost of going, the Missionaries must have money to buy clothing and food with."

"Who gives them the money?"

"Many help to collect the money: my little Minnie is helping now."

"Oh mamma, what do you mean? Really I should like to help. You know, mamma, that new shilling grandma gave me: I'll give that to the Missionaries."

"Very well; but I told Minnie she was helping the Missionaries now."

"How, mamma? You are laughing at me."

"No, my dear child: these pincushions I have made, and in which you are putting the pins (mind don't prick your fingers) will go into aunt's Missionary basket; the basket will be taken about, and the money people give for the things they purchase will be put into the box, to be given to the Church Missionary Society to send Missionaries to the heathen with."

"Oh, mamma, am I really helping?"

"Yes, my dear Minnie; and *now* I think you are happy."

"Oh yes, mamma."

"And Minnie is not tired now."

"Oh no, mamma."

"And Minnie has learned a lesson I hope she will never forget. When she feels tired and unhappy, let her try and do good. I think Minnie felt happy as soon as she began to busy herself with putting her things away—more happy than if I had let her ring the bell for Susan."

"Oh yes, mamma; but I did not feel happy at first: but then I wanted to please you, dear mamma."

"Yes, my child," and her mother kissed her: "and God will make Minnie happy when she tries to please Him because she loves Him."

"Mamma, I think I love God and Jesus."

"Yes, I hope my Minnie does, and is now pleasing Jesus, because she is doing what she can to do as He

said. Did not Jesus say, ' Go ye into all the world: and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*' "

" But, mamma, I don't go to preach the Gospel."

" No; but Minnie helps to send the Missionaries who do, and God loves her to do so."

This made Minnie very happy. May all who read this share her happiness!

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### A SERMON IN VERSE.

CHILDREN, wake; and early rise,  
Like the lark that seeks the skies;  
Sweetly sing, and heavenward soar,  
Daily, hourly, more and more.

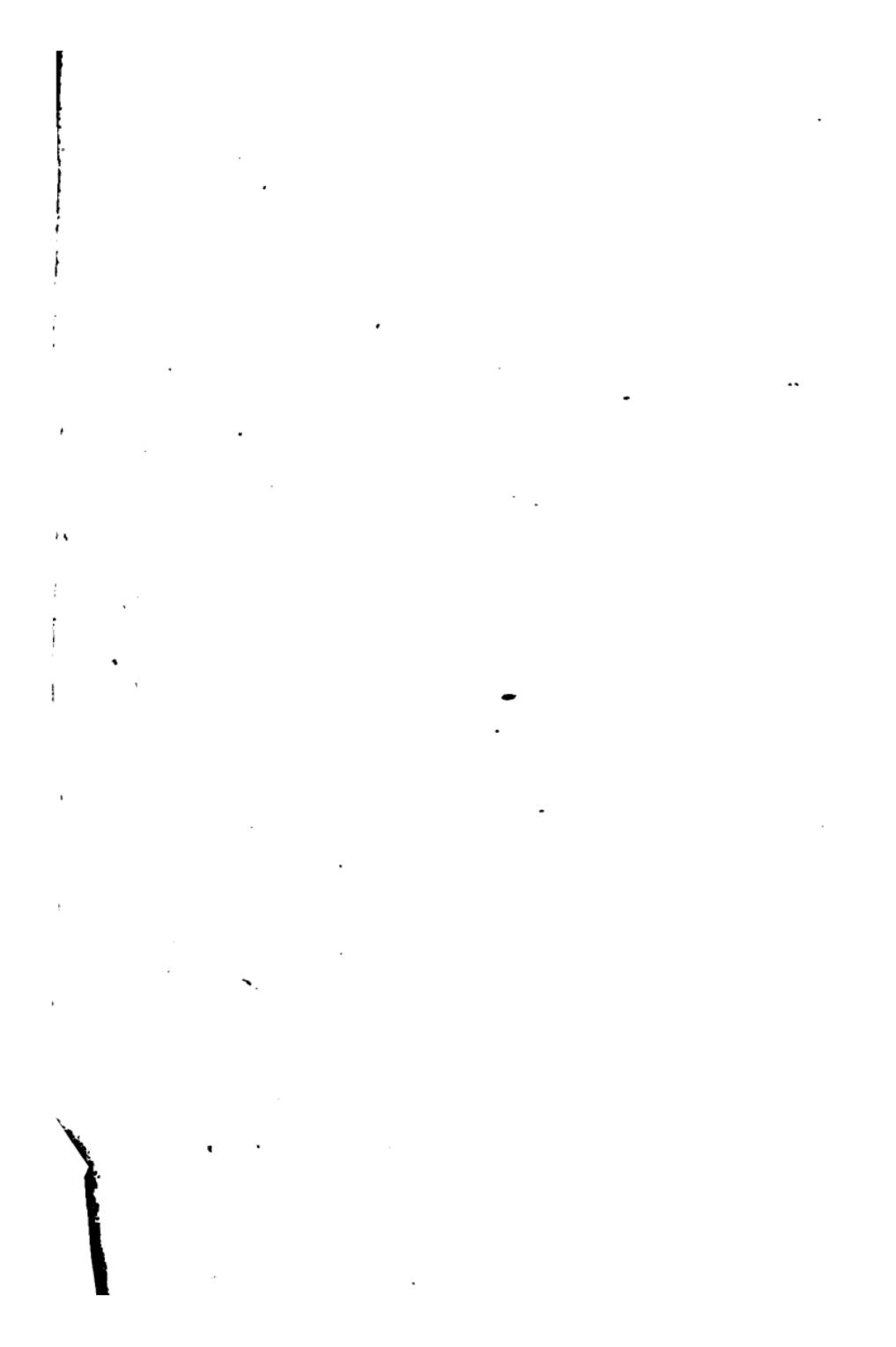
Children, shine; and in the dark,  
Like the glow-worm, show a spark;  
Lighting many on the road,  
Leading to the blest abode.

Children, work; and lead the blind  
By a careful hand and kind;  
Guide them from the ills of earth,  
To the joys of heavenly birth.

Children, love; and gentle prove,  
Let no tongues in anger move;  
Let no hands in anger strike;  
To your lowly Lord be like.

Children, think; and on life's past  
Muse, to fit you for its last;  
And when death for you shall come,  
Heaven will be your happy home.

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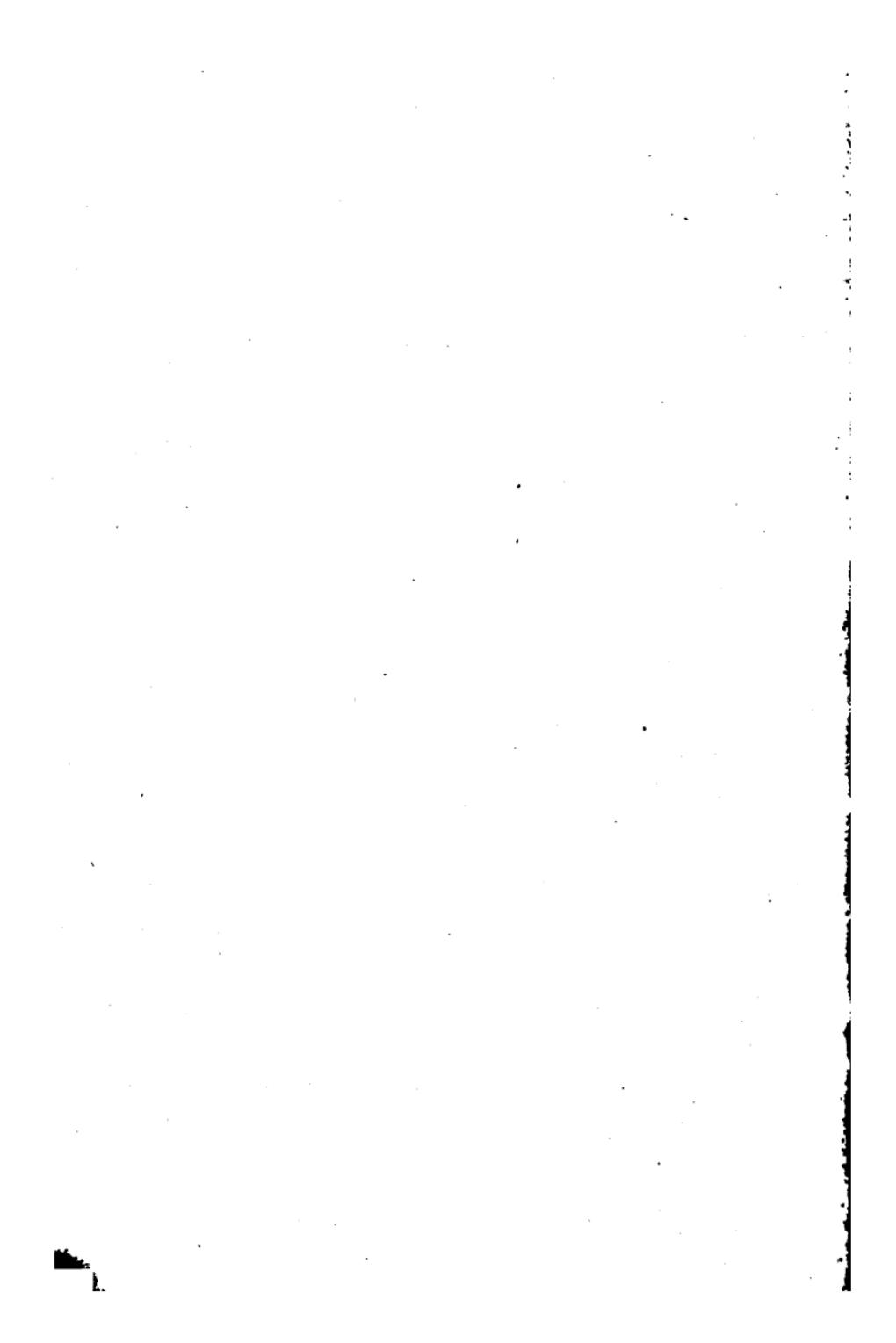
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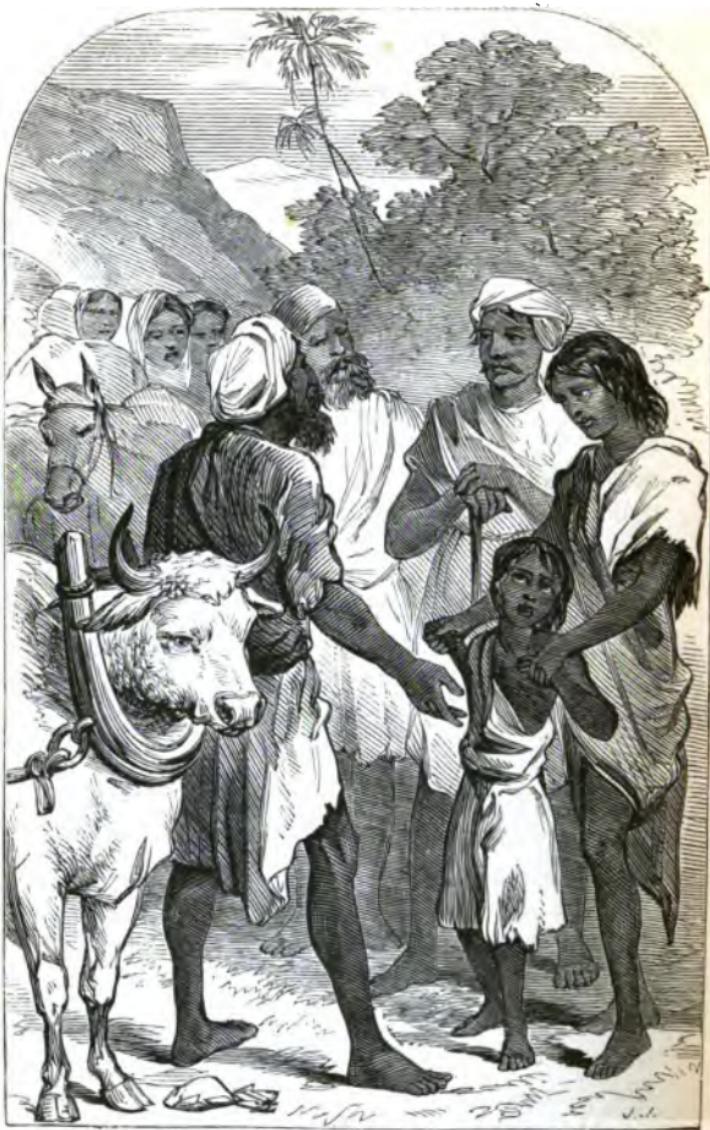
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MARCH.

D



SARAH BEING SOLD TO THE BANJARIES.

A LITTLE SLAVE-GIRL.

WHAT a sad scene in the picture ! Are they going to sell that little girl ? Yes. And who are they who dare to do so ? where are her parents ? There they stand. What, are *they* selling her ? Yes.

We fear such scenes are too common in Rajpootana and other parts of Hindustan.

The little girl in the picture is now called Sarah : what her heathen name was I do not know. When she was young, a famine visited the part of India in which she lived. One day, as she was working with her parents in the field, a band of Banjaries passed that way—wild, rough men, the gipsies and carriers of India : they were travelling with their bullocks, laden with salt or grain, and ever on the alert to steal or buy dog, bullock, or child.

The gold they offered tempted the half-starved parents. They knew not God, who has promised to provide for those that trust in Him. They sold their own flesh and blood into bondage. The poor weeping girl was torn away from all that was dear to her ; was made to travel long stages day by day, and to work very hard in return for scanty fare, and many blows and kicks.

God watched over her, as He did over Joseph, and now she is an inmate in a Christian orphanage. She has been redeemed from bondage. May God, of his mercy, deliver her from the bondage of Satan ; may He bless what the Missionary teaches her ; and may she have that freedom wherewith Christ makes his people free.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

BY A MISSIONARY.

No. I.

MANY of the customs still prevailing in Eastern countries, continually remind the Missionary of incidents related in the Scriptures. Every woman passing to and from the well with her pitcher on her head; every messenger, sent to run on an errand, taking off the loose cloth which hangs from his waist to his feet, and binding it round him as a girdle, in order that he may go the faster; the common expressions, addressed to us every day, "Peace be to you," "My Father," "Thy servant:" these and innumerable other things remind us, that, although not in the land of our birth, we are in a country familiar to us through the Bible. Some of these may prove of interest to the readers of the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor."

It is written—

Gen. ix. 2.—"The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the earth."

Gen. ix. 5.—"Surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it."

The duties of my Mission station often required me to pass through large tracts of dense forests, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, and a very few men, usually called "wild men." Living for several years in the neighbourhood, I became acquainted with the habits of the wild beasts of the forest. All of these (with one exception, of which I shall presently speak) will get out of a man's way if they can. I knew

this fact from books, but I own I felt some surprise, when I saw how little the natives feared them. It is remarkable, that though I have often passed very near tigers and leopards, I have never seen one alive in his native forest, and the reason is, that I never looked after them. I was not hunting beasts to kill them, but *men, that they might be saved.* Yet I should not have felt at all secure if I had not known that they were more ready to keep out of my way than I was to, keep out of theirs. Why should creatures so fierce and strong keep out of the way of a weak man? I have been very near wild elephants, tigers, bears, and leopards. I have seen their fresh tracks, and heard them moving amongst the bushes : they did not, however, come near me, but moved away. Why did they do so? On one occasion, I pointed out to a native hunter the spot where he would find a leopard. He went to the place and shot the leopard. I had passed close to that bush with a little child in my arms! Why did he not come out and try to take away the baby? I might mention many such incidents. How is it that people can live near such a forest, and not be every minute afraid that they shall be torn to pieces? The truth is, that the ancient promise is still fulfilled to man, "*The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall be upon every beast of the field.*"

But there is one description of tiger of which the natives *are* afraid. It is called a "man eater," because it is always searching after men to devour them, and drink their blood. It is not any peculiar species, but one which, having tasted human blood, likes it beyond all other food. This kind might be considered an exception to the rule implied in the former of the two passages of Scripture quoted above, although it still

hides itself until it can find an opportunity of springing out on some unsuspecting traveller or woodcutter. But if, in some degree, an exception to the former passage, it is a remarkable illustration of the latter. There was a tiger of this description in the forests near my house, and the terror of all the woodcutters and herdsmen. He ranged over a tract of country about twenty or thirty miles in length, suddenly appearing, sometimes in one part and sometimes in another, and carrying off some poor man, woman, or child. Hunters went after him, but he always eluded them. At last there was a sudden termination to his depredations, and the fears of the natives subsided. About five or six years afterwards another of these monsters made more terrible havoc still. Whenever I asked any of the people how they knew that it was another, and not the same, they replied that man-eating tigers never live long; that they become diseased, lose all their hair, and die. I fully believe the testimony of the natives. They told me that, in a very few months, all further trouble from that creature would cease, even if he were not killed. He was not killed, but after about four months was heard of no more. If, then, every beast which feeds on human flesh dies, we have a striking illustration of the text, "*Surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it.*"

You will perhaps ask why I should go into such a terrible place, when the "man-eater" was there. I went to find those few men who were called "wild men," and who, I was told, had no idea of the existence of God, or of the immortality of their own souls. When I first went to tell them these things, and of Jesus Christ, I passed through a village in which were some native Christians. I told them where I was going,

and for what purpose. One of them said, "Let me come with you, and carry your bed ;" another said, "Let me come, and carry your food ;" and another said, "Let me carry the things for cooking." I had more volunteers than I wanted. I asked them what I should pay them, and they said they only wanted food, not money. Several of them went with me, and although they suffered much from jungle fever, there was never any lack of volunteers whenever I went up those mountains.

I told my native catechists I wished one or two of them to go and live amongst the people in the forest. I soon had two volunteers, who only requested that they might go together. They went, but one of them soon had to assist the other back again, in a terrible state of suffering from fever. Another volunteered, and took his place. He too had to return. The sick man who first went, having recovered, though still very weak, offered to go again, but I would not permit him to do so. So many of my catechists were laid aside with fever that I was obliged to desist for a time from sending them. It was *I*, however, who stopped them : *they* were always ready to go, to preach to those poor people the Gospel of the grace of God. Before I could establish a station there, ill-health compelled me to leave that country.

If even *new converts* are ready to risk their lives to tell others of Jesus, how much more should older Christians rejoice to help ; some of them by going themselves, others by giving the money needed for the support of those who go, and all helping together by prayer ?

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Not long ago there lived in India a young woman, who was a servant in an officer's family. Her husband was one of the horsekeepers in the Indian army. They were both heathen, but they served their master faithfully. For a long time they had no child, and when at last she had a little boy she thought that her gods had sent it in answer to her prayers. But you know, though she did not, that the idols had no power to do any thing she asked them. She wished to show her gratitude to them; but you will hardly believe what a terrible thing she thought would please them. About this time was held a grand festival in honour of the goddess Siva. One of the things done at this festival was called "hook-swinging." This poor young woman said she would be one of those to be swung on the hooks. As soon as her master and mistress heard what she was going to do, they tried very hard to persuade her not to do it; and they told her husband that if he allowed her to take a part in this horrid rite, they would not keep him or his wife as their servants any longer. But no one could persuade her to give it up. The officer and his wife were very sorry to lose their servants.

At last the day of the feast came. I must tell you how this painful "hook-swinging" was done. Two large hooks, like meat-hooks, were stuck into this poor woman's back. The hooks were fastened to an iron pole, which was fixed into a cart. When the cart was drawn on, the hooks swung round and round, and in this way the woman was carried through the town. Crowds of people followed, shouting and singing. She bore the dreadful pain most bravely, but it is sad to

think her courage was shown in a way that could do nobody any good.

And now I have another story to tell you, and it is a much happier one. Many, many years ago, there lived another poor woman, who was very unhappy because she had no children. She was not a heathen, like the poor Indian woman, and so she prayed to the true God, and asked Him to give her a child. She said, that if He would hear her prayer, she would give up her child to Him, and it should serve Him always. God heard her prayer, and gave her a son. She was so happy, and loved her little boy very much, but she did not forget her promise to God. When the baby was about a year old she took him to a very good old man, and asked him to teach her child to know and love God. She did not keep him to live with her, but she had the happiness of knowing that God loved him, and took care of him. Do you know the name of this woman and the little boy? I will tell you one thing more about them, and then I am sure you will know. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

You have now heard of the sad manner in which a poor heathen mother showed her thankfulness, and of the far better way in which Hannah, who worshipped the only true God, showed her gratitude to Him, when He had granted her desire. There are many other heathen, besides this poor woman, who think their idols are cruel, and that they must do cruel things to please them. Our Missionaries are gone to teach them that the only God who can hear and answer prayer, is a kind and merciful Father, and wishes people only to love and serve Him, and to teach their children to love Him also.



THE COLE AND THE TIGER.

INDIA is the land of lions and tigers. Satan, who is more dangerous than lion or tiger, is there too, going about seeking whom he may devour.

The poor lad contending with the tiger, as represented opposite, belongs to the people of India called the Coles. Our readers will remember the account we gave of Missionary work among them in the August Number of 1864. His father was a Pahau, or priest of the devil, and before his death he made his son to promise never to forsake the religion of his fathers and become a Christian, or mix with those who had become Christians. He bade him continue to worship the gods of the jungle, and assured him that they would protect him through life.

Soon their power to help was put to the test. The young man joined some sportsmen, and went into the jungle. A tiger sprang out of the bush. At once all ran away except our Pahau: he remained, and reasoned with himself in some such way as this—"Why should I flee? Have I not been a faithful servant of the Bhut (*the god of the jungle*)? will not he protect me?" Full of confidence, he stood still. Then he took his bow from his back and an arrow; but, alas! whilst drawing the bow the cord snapped, and the arrow became useless! The next moment, with a sudden spring the tiger seized the poor Cole, and threw him to the ground. The fore paws were upon his shoulders, and the claws of the hinder paws tore his legs. Writhing with pain, and struggling with death, he seized the tiger, with a strong gripe, by the throat, and tried to choke him. This frightened the beast, and with a sudden spring he darted back. Soon,

however, he renewed the attack. As he prepared to spring, the poor lad placed himself on his back, and drew his legs down upon his chest as closely as possible, thus covering his whole body. This was no sooner done than the tiger leaped upon him, but was thrown back with great force as the Cole, with all his strength, sent forth his feet against the broad chest of the beast. The tiger was alarmed, and, leaving the poor, torn, and bleeding lad, walked off into the bush.

His cries for help brought to his assistance some natives from a village where a Missionary resided. He was carried to the Missionary's house, who applied ointment to his wounds, and gave him medicine. Here he heard the words of life and salvation. Soon afterwards, he gave up idolatry and devil-worship, and turned with his whole heart to Jesus Christ. Persecution followed, but he remained steadfast in the faith, rejoicing to suffer for the name of Jesus. He now lives twenty-five miles from the station, but he is to be seen every Sunday attending both services. On Monday morning, before he begins his return journey, he comes to the Missionary, and asks him to pray with him, because, he says, the devil is even more cruel and enraged than the tiger, and the only weapons against him are prayer and faith.

THE CYCLONE IN INDIA.

FEW, if any of our readers but have heard of the terrible cyclone, or hurricane, which visited Calcutta and Masulipatam in October and November of last year.

The loss of life at Calcutta was fearful, and each mail steamer brings sad tidings of death and destitution. In the Calcutta, Kishnagurh, and Burdwan Missions the loss of property through the falling of houses, and the injury done to the churches and schools, has been very considerable.

Masulipatam was visited by the hurricane a month later than Calcutta, and the work of destruction has been even greater. The sea rose and swept the whole place, inundating the town, washing the streets, destroying houses, and extending many miles inland. Through the great mercy of God, the lives of the Missionaries were preserved, yet the whole of their property, furniture, and books, have been destroyed, and the loss of life among the natives is calculated to be not less than 30,000.

Mr. Sharkey gives the following melancholy tale of the loss of thirty-three of the dear girls in the boarding schools. Our readers are acquainted with many of them by name, and we shall not fail to refer to the sad tale again when we receive more full tidings—

“Masulipatam, Nov. 15, 1864.

“The first of November can never be forgotten. The day was a wet one. The wind blew with more than ordinary violence, and we all felt that a storm was at hand. But we went through our day's work, attended school both morning and evening, and I returned home as usual. The wind increased, and at ten o'clock P.M. there was a terrific hurricane. We made all our preparations by way of guarding our doors and windows. We had scarcely done this, when a cry of 'The sea, the sea,' was heard. It came from some of our servants who had previously taken refuge in our kitchen, and who, with great difficulty, contrived to reach the room

in which fifteen girls and ourselves had taken refuge. A minute after we had admitted them in, the sea rushed into the house, and I had just time to put the children on our large cot, and take my position at the only door which we all had to guard. But the bolts gave way. Door after door was carried off, and we were completely at the mercy of the wind and waves. Our children behaved nobly, and we were enabled to pray together with great calmness, and commit ourselves to Him who once said, 'Peace, be still.' The water rapidly increased in depth. I was waist deep in it, when the rising water suddenly stopped, and receded as fast as it came. We then removed the children to another room, and *wished for the day*.

"During the night we had often thought of the children in the bungalow adjoining our house. *We were not able to render them any assistance*; and though the bungalow was a strong building, we had many fears. The next morning told us what had been done. My heart breaks to write it. No less than thirty-three children were either drowned in or swept away by the flood ! The building stood, but every door in it was carried off, and the wave knocked down every thing before it. The hospital, in which there were several children, and which adjoined the bungalow, came down. Every article of furniture was washed away, and only twenty-five of our dear children were spared to tell us of the dying shrieks of their fellows, and their own miraculous escape. They were nearly naked, and we were little better ourselves.

"Our school furniture, maps, books, &c., have all perished. Our poor Christians are houseless, and without clothes. I wish something could be done for them. Exclusive of our girls, we have lost nineteen members

of our congregation. No two persons seem to have suffered alike : each has his own tale of woe to tell.

"I am now sitting alone in a corner of my former house, with the ruins of our property scattered all around, and the compound filled with dead and dying trees, prickly-pear bushes, mud, and rubbish of every kind. With reference to my own loss, I feel comparatively little, although I am almost a beggar ; but the thought of our dead children is too much for us. Still God has done all things well, and in wrath remembered mercy. He has not dealt with us after our sins. Our prayer is, that the visitation we have just had may be abundantly blessed to us ; that it may humble us to the dust ; make us more devoted to his cause ; teach us not to make nests for ourselves, and live in needless luxury and ease ; fill us with a deep sense of our vileness, and a precious sense of his love to us ; and keep us ever ready for his coming. It is remarkable that some of our heathen servants, in that dark and terrible night, prayed to Jesus for help. I am not able to tell you a fraction of all our troubles. Pray for us."

A TRUE STORY.

IN the village of W——, in Suffolk, there lived two labouring men, who were great friends. Stephen was a simple-hearted man, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, but Davie did not know God. One evening these two men went together to a Missionary Meeting, and, as they were walking home, Davie asked Stephen if he gave any thing. "Yes," replied Stephen, "I gave them every farthing I had ; I gave a sixpence."

"Then, the more fool you," said Davie ; and all the way home he kept laughing at Stephen, for giving all he had to the Missionary cause.

The next day they were at plough together, and again Davie teased Stephen about his sixpence ; and as they sat together under a tree taking their noon-day meal, Davie mocked and laughed at Stephen, till Stephen felt agitated, and, rubbing his heel backwards and forwards on the ground, he began to feel ashamed of what he had done, when, on lifting up his feet, he saw on the earth a bright sixpence. "There ! what do you think of that ?" said Stephen to Davie, as he picked it up, "I shall be none the poorer after all : this will do to put into the plate another time ;" and Stephen put the sixpence into his pocket.

Some may think that Stephen intentionally dropped the sixpence, to silence Davie ; but it is a fact that Stephen had not another sixpence in the world, and Davie knew this to be the case.

Davie afterwards learnt to love the Lord, and died, a sincere Christian, before Stephen.

Now, mark how this incident shows forth God's truthfulness in interposing to support his own, and making their way clear before unbelievers.

E. B.

~~~~~

"I AM KNOWN OF MINE."—JOHN x. 14, 28.

They spent their lives for others,  
Yet the world knew them not ;  
It had not known their Master,  
And they sought no higher lot.

But the angels of heaven knew them,  
And He knew them who died and rose,  
And they knew themselves that the lowest place  
Was that which the Highest chose.



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## PROCEEDINGS OF JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

|                                  | £  | s. | d.                   |                              | £  | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------|----|----|----------------------|------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Beverley:                        |    |    |                      | Boxes . . . .                | 3  | 15 | 10 |
| Collected by Sunday-             |    |    |                      | Meeting . . . .              |    | 15 | 0  |
| School Scholars . . .            | 2  | 18 | 2                    | Anston: Meeting . . . .      |    | 7  | 2  |
| Cheshunt, 1864 . . .             | 18 | 11 | 3                    | Liskeard, 1864:              |    |    |    |
| Clapham: St. Paul's:             |    |    |                      | Sunday School . . . .        | 3  | 18 | 7  |
| 27 Boxes . . . .                 | 11 | 0  | 0                    | Liverpool: St. Augus-        |    |    |    |
| Eccleston: St. Thomas'           |    |    |                      | tine's, 1864:                |    |    |    |
| Sunday School, 1864 .            | 14 | 18 | 8                    | Boys' Sunday School,         |    |    |    |
| Emsworth, for year 1864:         |    |    |                      | Collection . . . .           | 5  | 6  | 1  |
| By Collectors . . . .            | 11 | 11 | 6                    | Lowick: Boxes . . . .        | 2  | 4  | 11 |
| 8 Boxes . . . .                  | 4  | 9  | 9                    | Newland (Gloucestershire),   |    |    |    |
| Sunday School: Boys .            | 1  | 19 | 11                   | for 1864 . . . .             | 3  | 12 | 2  |
| Girls .                          | 1  | 4  | 11                   | Spofforth, 1864:             |    |    |    |
| North Hayling School .           | 1  | 16 | 7                    | Meeting . . . .              |    | 7  | 3  |
| Miss Oldfield's ditto .          | 13 | 6  |                      | Collectors' Cards . . . .    | 1  | 7  | 8  |
| Gateshead, 1864 . . . .          | 23 | 12 | 8                    | Sunday-School Boxes .        | 1  | 1  | 1  |
| Feb. 4: Collectors'              |    |    |                      | Missionary Boxes . . . .     | 12 | 9  |    |
| Monthly Meeting .                | 1  | 1  | 0                    | Sutterton, 1864:             |    |    |    |
| Feb. 5: Lecture, Sun-            |    |    |                      | Meeting . . . .              |    | 10 | 2  |
| day School . . . .               | 7  | 5  | Collected by Sunday- |                              |    |    |    |
| High Harrogate, 1864:            |    |    |                      | School Scholars . . . .      | 5  | 7  |    |
| Quarterly Meetings .             | 1  | 10 | 0                    | Swanbourne: Boxes . . . .    | 7  | 6  | 3  |
| Boxes . . . .                    | 12 | 2  | 10                   | Collectors . . . .           | 9  | 16 | 7  |
| Christmas Tree .                 | 1  | 13 | 4                    | York: <i>Last Quarter of</i> |    |    |    |
| Ipswich: St. Clement's           |    |    |                      | 1864 . . . .                 | 23 | 0  | 0  |
| and St. Helen's;                 |    |    |                      | Sermons: Rev. J. C.          |    |    |    |
| <i>Quarter ending Nov. 1864.</i> |    |    |                      | Camidge . . . .              | 2  | 0  | 0  |
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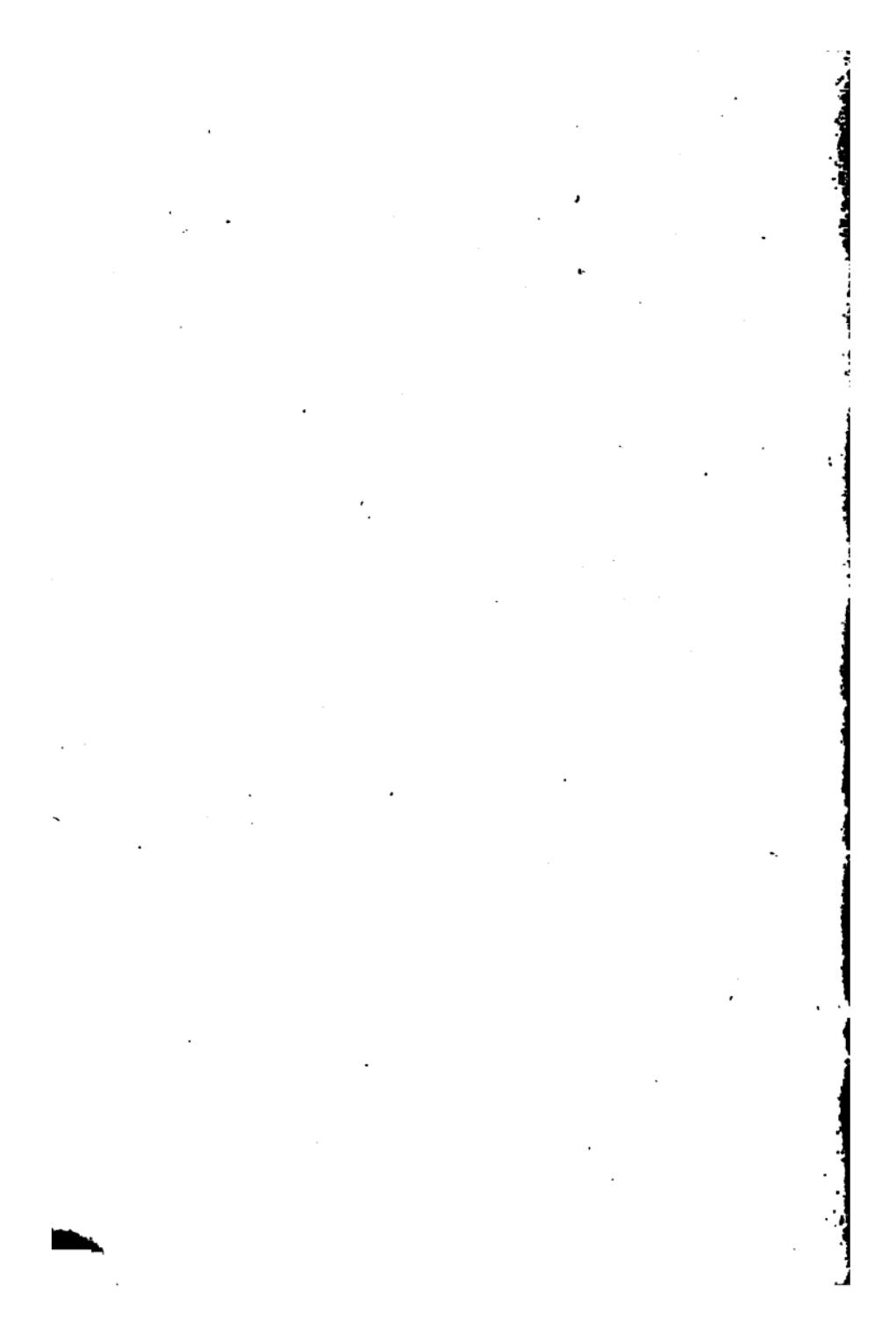
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**APRIL.**

**E**



THE LITTLE CHINESE ORPHAN.

### THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

WHAT saith the Apostle Paul? Does he not tell us that the heathen are unmerciful?

Look at the picture on the opposite page. That little Chinese boy is watching by the dead body of his father; he is in a thronged street of the large city of Shanghai. Hundreds are crowding past; few even notice the poor child. If any turn to look upon him, they simply look and pass by, too much interested in their own business and troubles to inquire into or care for the little boy's grief. Such is heathenism!

See, the Missionary has observed him. His heart is touched by the little fellow's situation and grief, and he hastens up to him: he learns that he is an entire stranger in Shanghai, without relative or friend; he and his father, fleeing from the rebels, had reached Shanghai from a distant province. His father now lay dead, and he was left entirely alone in the world; and yet not alone, for God, whom as yet he knew not, was watching over him.

The father was well-dressed, and had been probably a respectable man, and if not rich, at all events not very poor; cholera, or some other disease, had attacked him, and he had sunk down in the street to die. The natives will not receive a stranger into their houses when sick, lest he die, and the expense of burial fall upon them; and so the poor man had been left to perish in the street. The little orphan would not leave

the spot till a coffin had been brought and the body placed in it for burial. He was then induced to accompany the Missionary to his home, and now lives with him, receiving Christian instruction, and being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He is a quiet, pleasing child, and about seven years of age. God has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and will, we doubt not, fulfil His gracious promise to this little orphan.

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ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. II.

Gen. xxiii. 2.—

Jerem. ix. 17, 18.—“Consider ye, and call for the mourning women that they may come; and send for cunning women that they may come, and take up a wailing for us.”

Amos v. 16.—“They shall call . . . Such as are skilful of lamentation to wailing.”

There was once in my Mission district so much dissension between a number of new converts and the surrounding heathen, that it was necessary for me to live in a little hut in the midst of a native village, to mediate between the parties, to teach the new converts what manner of spirit they were of, and to persuade the heathen, if possible, to peace, and to embrace the Gospel themselves. No house could be had within many miles, which afforded sufficient protection for

an European. There was in the neighbourhood a church, which, I regret to say, was empty ; the people, who for a short time professed to be Christians, having relapsed, except two families. I call it a church, because it had been built for the worship of God, but it was a mere temporary hut, which had cost 4*l.* in building, including the cost of the materials. In this I resided. The huts of the natives were most inconveniently near, and I could not avoid hearing and seeing many things to which I would gladly have shut both my ears and eyes. There was considerable inconvenience and some risk, as the event proved, but I acted just as any other Missionary would have done. I committed myself to the care of God, and remained there until actual delirium, produced by the heat of an unusually fiery day, proved, beyond doubt, that it was my duty to seek better shelter. During my residence there I was one evening startled by a shriek, as of some person in imminent peril of life, which was followed almost instantly by a deep groan. I immediately rose to ascertain from whence the sounds proceeded, and just before my window I saw several women seated on the ground under a thatched shed in the garden of the next house. I then knew what it was. I had never before taken much notice of the performers in such a ceremony. They had taken off their upper clothing, and were quite bare down to the waist. They were beating their bare breasts violently, and uttering sounds of distressing sorrow, which, if they had been genuine, would have moved any heart to pity. Sometimes one of them alone would utter a loud wail, at other times a groan, and all the rest would join with sobs, which were only just audible ; then one would break out with a succession of sobs in one long breath, beginning loud, and gradually

diminishing, until, with a mere gurgling sound in the throat, she seemed to be actually dying with exhaustion from excessive grief. I asked a neighbour what the cause of this mourning was, and he informed me that the master of that house had lost his mother, who had died a few hours previously. I asked whether the mourning women were related to the deceased, and he said that they were not, but only hired mourners; that they studied mourning as an art, and, as soon as their time had expired, would go and drink arrack, and laugh and talk. They continued wailing, sobbing, and beating their breasts for several hours, and repeated the ceremony every day for about a week. I believe that in beating their breasts they did sometimes hurt themselves considerably, in order that their wailing might appear the more natural; for before the end of their term their poor breasts exhibited pitiable signs of violence.

Such a scene as that which I have described is, it must be confessed, very absurd, but it is also very sad. I fear that sometimes, when the cholera and other infectious diseases prevail, the cries of the hired mourners alarm some of the people so much that they fall an easier prey to the disease. But this, though sad, is not the most solemn thought suggested by those wailings. We read in the New Testament (1 Thess. iii. 13) that Christians ought not to sorrow as others who have no hope. The reason why those poor heathen utter overwhelming signs of grief is, that they have *no hope*. I do not think that any Christian, who has the hope that, through God's mercy in Christ Jesus, he shall meet his beloved friends in heaven, has, or can have, an adequate conception of the sorrow felt by the poor heathen when they lose their dear friends, or of their deep despair when they become actually conscious that their

own last hour has come. I have heard people speak of the mild Hindu dying with his spirit calm and undisturbed; but although I have seen several hundreds of them in their dying hours, I have never observed quiet indifference, but always the contrary; that is, the terror of despair.

I will not dwell on scenes, the memory of which is so painful, but will only say, Pray for them, and either carry the Gospel to them yourselves, or do every thing you can to help those who do so.

A PARABLE.

SOME people once lived in a happy isle, but they would not obey their King, so He sent them away to a dreary land. It was a long way off, but they could just see the home they had lost. Soon after they were gone, the King sent a message to them, saying that if they would repent He would forgive them. But they did not listen to this kind message. They had grown sullen, and tried to persuade themselves that they were quite as well off in the dreary land as in the happy isle. One man, however, did not think so: he was very unhappy. You might often have seen him walking up and down on the beach, when the sun was shining on the happy isle; and, as he looked at it, he wished he was there. One morning, when he awoke, he thought the tide was so low that he might easily swim across, and so he set out at once. First over the dry shingle and then over the sand, he hurried on till he reached the shore. But he was sadly disappointed to find that the water was much wider and deeper than he thought, so that he could not possibly get over. The next day he tried another plan. One

side of the dreary land stretched far out into the ocean, and he thought if he went to the end of this there would only be a little water to swim across. After walking for a long time over a very steep and stony road, he found that the sea was still too rough and deep for him to cross. His last hope was now gone; and, feeling very faint and tired, he flung himself on the ground and wept.

But by and bye he noticed, near the shore, a little boat, which he had often seen before opposite his own house. He had got so used to seeing it, that, like his neighbours, he had never thought much about it. Now, however, seeing it there, he looked carefully at it, and, as he looked, it came close up to the rocks where he was seated. It was a beautiful boat, and there was only one Person on board. His raiment was white and glistening, and his face showed whence He came.

“Son of man,” he said, “why weepest thou?”

The poor man answered sadly, “Because I cannot reach the happy isle.”

“Canst thou trust thyself with me?” the Stranger asked.

The man looked at the little boat, moving lightly on the waves, and he wondered if it would be safe. But he looked again at the Pilot’s kind assuring face, and then he said, “Yes, I can trust myself with you.”

No sooner had he stepped on board, than, swift as a sunbeam, it bore him to the land of light. Here he was welcomed by the Pilot’s friends. He was clothed in bright raiment, as they were, and, like them, he lived very happily, serving the King.

Perhaps you have found out that this story is a parable, that is, “an earthly story with a heavenly

meaning." But as you may not quite understand it, I will tell you what it is meant to teach us.

The happy isle is peace with God. Adam was at peace with God before he sinned: after that, he and his children were cast into the dreary world, in a state of misery and unhappiness, far from God.

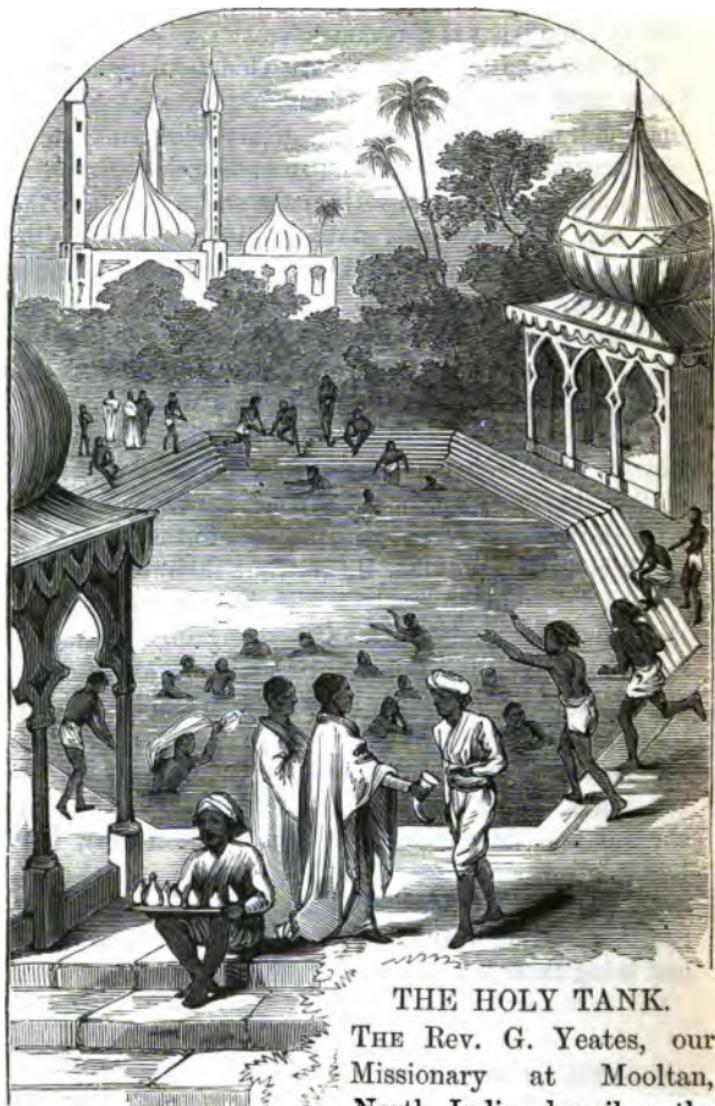
The little boat means the only way in which sinners may pass from this state of misery to peace with God. God has provided this way. The sinner cannot find a way for himself. It is the atonement that the Lord Jesus Christ made for our sins, when He died on the cross; and He who so kindly invites sinners to avail themselves of it is the Lord Jesus Himself.

The heathen are like the man who tried to find a way for himself to the happy isle. You have heard of the different ways in which they try to make peace with their gods. Some bring presents to them; others think it will please them if they hurt their own bodies, and so they cut themselves with knives, and torture themselves in many ways. Others, again, do what is far worse. If they think their gods are angry with them, they will even kill their children, and offer them up as sacrifices to them.

How sad it is to think that these poor people do not know of the kind Saviour, who has said, "I am the way . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Let us pray to God to teach them, by his Holy Spirit, that they may know who alone can save them and bring them into the way of peace!





THE HOLY TANK.

THE Rev. G. Yeates, our
Missionary at Mooltan,
North India, describes the

scene we have endeavoured to represent. He writes —“The different religious fairs in the neighbourhood have been attended by us during the year. The Surug Kund mela, held twice a-year, spring and autumn, at a place about six miles from the city, presents an average of what they are.

“The point of attraction is a holy (?) tank, artificially constructed, of an octagonal form, about one hundred yards across, with a row of steps down to the water, running round. These steps are interrupted in two places, opposite each other, by small temples, which serve as a division between the side occupied by men and that where the women go.

“From early in the morning the roads in the direction are all thronged by the Hindus, dressed in their clean white and red clothes, and in all kinds of conveyances, the men and the women travelling, of course, separately, and, as they arrive, taking different sides of the tank. The water, although coming from the river, is almost stagnant, and quite green with vegetable matter: this, however, presents no objection: in they rush, and, putting both hands together, take up as much of it as they can, and drink, or rather rinse the mouth with it. Then incantations begin, some turning round to the four quarters, others dipping a certain number of times. The din arising from all this is very great, but not sufficient to drown the chink which the Brahmins make with their brass lotas as they pass in and out, collecting money from the infatuated people. Men with sweetmeats, and

others with earthen bottles for carrying home the holy water, after the manner of the Romanists at their holy well, seem to make a good trade of it.

“ Outside the immediate precincts of the tank there is a garden, where those who have finished their bathing retire to amuse themselves with a dance and other pleasures.

“ Among this crowd we go, books in hand, and, elbowing our way through them, get into conversation with little groups here and there, when one or another stops us to look at or ask for a book.

“ During the Besaki there is another fair held within easy distance of this, on the river bank, and to this we send our tent, and have the roof of it pitched, like a huge umbrella, and then extemporize a huge book-stall. During our stay we are constantly surrounded by numbers, listening attentively to the various conversations we have. There is a lad with Mr. Patterson at present, whose brother first made our acquaintance at this fair in April last, and who has given him up to Mr. Patterson, to be brought up a Christian.

“ The average number of books, portions, tracts, and a few complete Testaments, distributed at each of these fairs, is about fifty.”

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

ON a fine morning, not long ago, any one who had been standing on the heights of one of our south-western coasts might have seen a fine vessel gaily sailing down the channel. All her canvas was spread, and a gentle but favourable breeze was carrying her along at a very

satisfactory rate. She was bound for Calcutta, and had on board, besides her crew, a number of passengers. Amongst the crew was a boy, who, by the kindness of a gentleman, had been rescued from the dangers and temptations, which prove so ruinous to the neglected children of the poor in our large towns and cities, and placed in one of the ragged schools. Here he learned much that was useful to him, but, above all, to estimate at its true value "*the pearl of great price.*" When he went on board his ship he did not forget his Saviour. He still continued to read his Bible, and to pray to God to keep him from sin. Unfortunately, amongst the crew there were none who sympathized with this little servant of Christ. They laughed at his religious scruples, and gave him the name of "Praying Tom."

It happened that one of the crew, who had taken every opportunity of annoying Tom, was seized with a serious illness during the voyage. The sickness proved to be unto death. Tom, when he heard how dangerously ill the man was, resolved to speak to him of Jesus. Before doing so, however, he retired to that part of the ship in which he was wont to pray, and asked God to help him, and to make the sick man willing to listen. After this he went to him, somewhat timidly, but still with simple faith in the power of that God whose aid he had sought in prayer, and asked if he should read to him from the Bible. To his surprise and joy the man consented. He opened the book at the third chapter of St. John, and read those beautiful words, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying man turned his languid eye upon the boy, and in it a tear was glistening. The Spirit had sent the message to his

heart, and the love of Jesus had touched his soul. Faintly he said, but still with as much earnestness as he could command,

“Read those words again, Tom.”

Again the silver tones of that youthful voice were heard, as, slowly and distinctly, Tom repeated the message of mercy. After he had finished, the poor sailor could no longer restrain his tears: they chased one another down his rough and weather-beaten face, and, grasping the hand of the boy, he said,

“Tom, I have behaved badly, very badly to you, but you have taken a noble revenge, and have returned good for evil. For this God has blessed you, inasmuch as He has made you the means of saving my soul. I believe those words which you have read. Even at the last moment God has mercifully given me pardon, and I shall now die in peace.”

To this conversation between the sailor and the boy there had been an earnest listener. This was a poor heathen Hindu woman, who was one of the passengers. By God’s grace the simple message of salvation, which Tom was reading to the dying sailor, took hold of her, and brought her to see both her sins and her Saviour. She, too, became a disciple of Christ, and availed herself of all the remaining period of the voyage to learn as much as she could about the religion of Jesus. When she left the ship she returned to her heathen friends, with the full determination to tell them of the wonderful discovery which she had made. The last day alone will reveal the blessed results which flowed from Tom’s simple and earnest endeavour to act in accordance with St. Paul’s heavenly precept, “If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.”

JAPAN.

IT is to be hoped that a wide and effectual door will soon be opened for the preaching of the Gospel in the island of Japan. A letter from Nakasaki, Japan, contains the following—

“From the 14th to the 17th inst. (August), the annual ancestral festival was kept up by the natives. On the 14th the dead were supposed to revisit their former dwellings, where they remained until the night of the 16th. On that night, a vast number of straw boats, brilliantly illuminated, were thrown into the bay for the purpose of reconveying the spirits to their different localities. The following evening was spent in dissipation of every description.”

How greatly this country needs the Gospel!



WEE, WISE WILLIE.

WEE Willie was a thoughtful lad :
A pale and placid face he had,
So pensive, it was *almost* sad.

Inured to pain from infant days,
He never join'd in childhood's plays,
Nor seem'd a child in mind or ways.

And other boys, though rude and wild,
Looked up to him, so sweet and mild,
As more an angel than a child !

It was a solemn sight, they say,
To watch him on a Sabbath-day,
When evening on the mountains lay,

Reclining on some grassy mound,
Telling to children cluster'd round,
What a dear Saviour he had found.

And grey-hair'd list'ners oft would hide
Behind the yew-tree at his side,
To hear him tell why Jesus died.

But soon a message, full of love,
Came downward from the courts above,
And called him thither to remove.

He heard it, and no longer had
That look so pensive, almost sad ;
His face grew *radiant* then and *glad*.

It was a very narrow stream
Betwixt his heavenly rest and him,
For he had lived beside its brim.

So passed he, almost dry-shod, o'er,
And landed on that blissful shore,
Where pain is banish'd evermore.

His course was finish'd. Nor complain
That his earth-mission was in vain,
Though wrought in weariness and pain.

His silent footsteps left their dints
In hidden nooks, a hallow'd print !
A line of light, in heavenly tint !

“Aunt Jane’s Verses for Children,”
by Mrs. T. D. CREWSTON.

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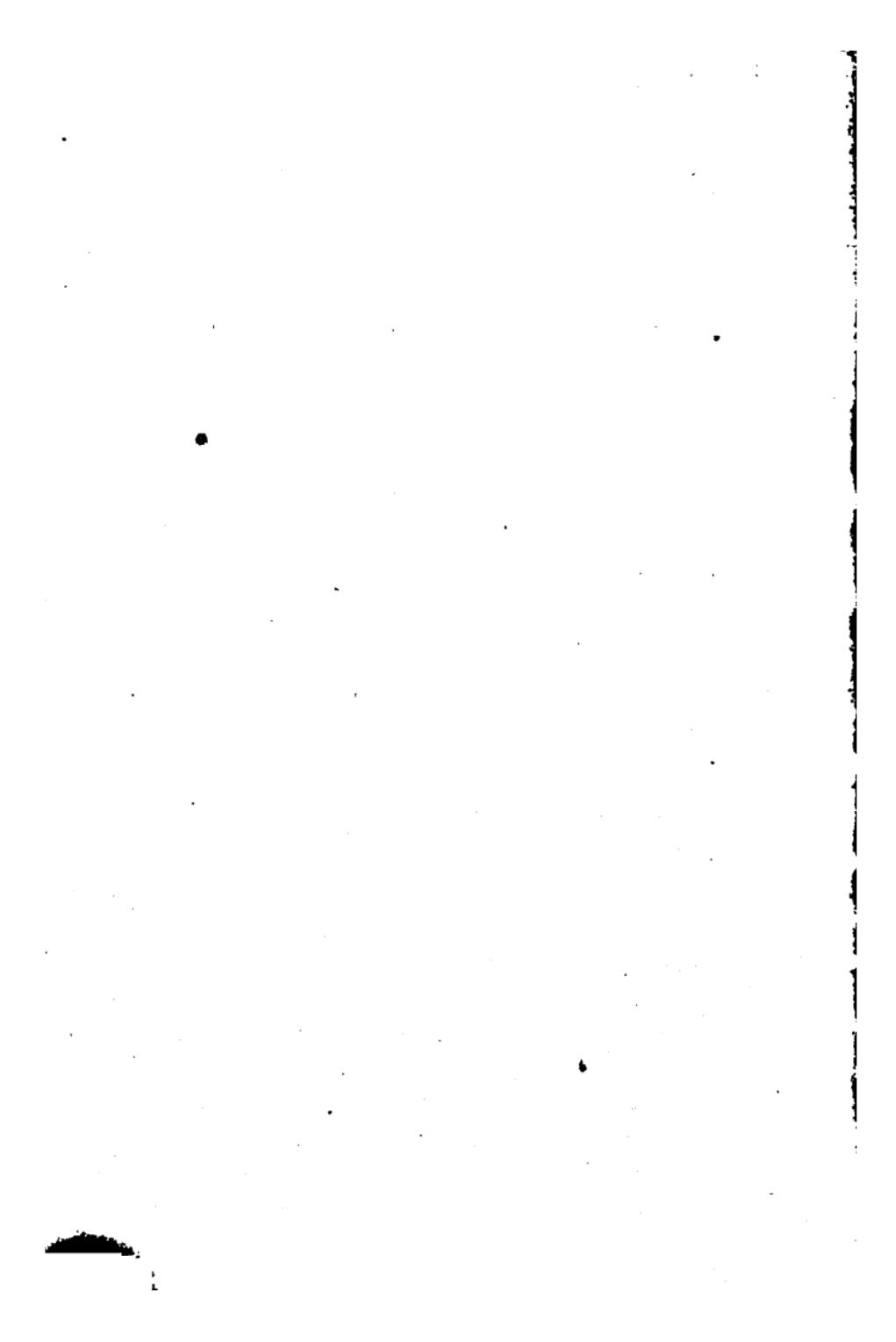
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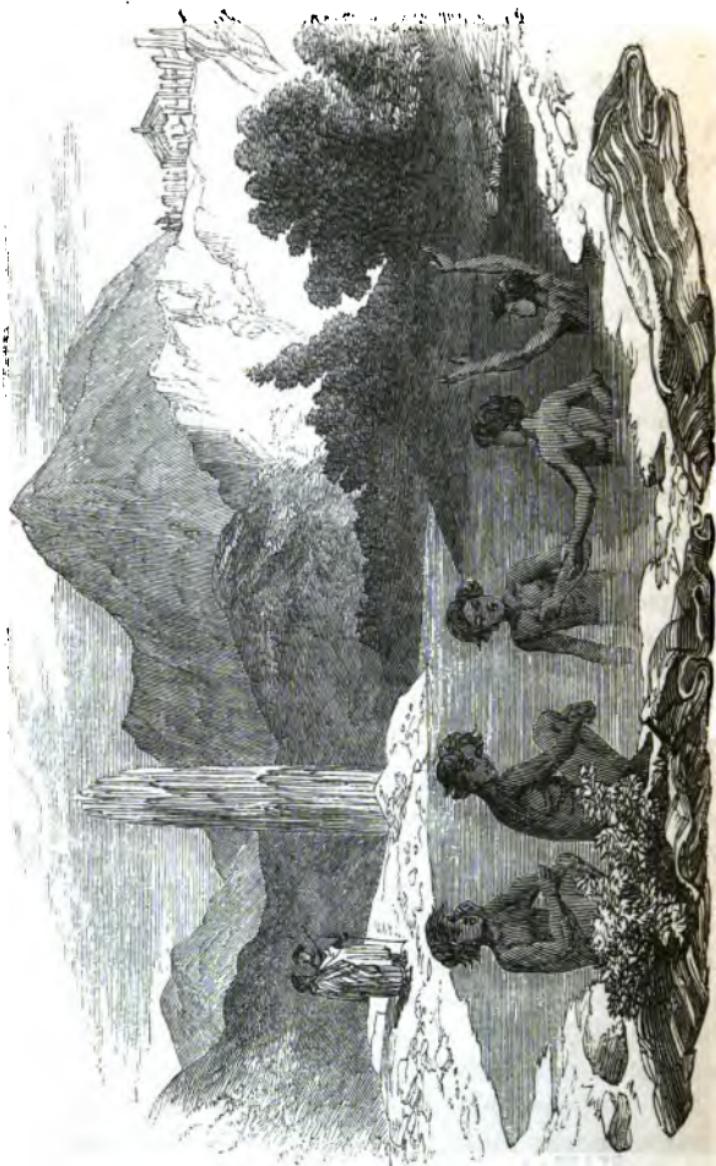
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v



A GEYSER IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE GEYSERS OF NEW ZEALAND.

A HOT-BATH out of doors! And there are the little New-Zealand boys enjoying their morning bath.

In the northern island of New Zealand there is apparent a great deal of what is called volcanic action. Not only are there mountains like Vesuvius, and Etna, and Hecla, in Europe, from which fire and hot lava are constantly being poured, but there are numberless hot-water springs. A most extraordinary number are found at a place called Ohinemotu, and render that place one of the most remarkable in the island. Some of these springs shoot up a volume of water to a great height, like the Geysers of Iceland. One such is to be seen in our picture.

A village was found by our Missionaries, when they first visited the island, placed in the midst of them. The inhabitants said they preferred living there because they needed no fires, all their cooking being done in the hot springs; the women's backs were not broken with carrying fuel; and, from the warmth of the ground, they were enabled to raise their crops several weeks earlier than their neighbours. All this sounds very pleasant. There were, however, some disadvantages. Many fatal accidents would occur from persons, especially strangers and children, falling into these fearful cauldrons, and being scalded, perhaps to death.

The yet heathen New Zealanders believe all kinds of stories about these pools. They will tell

you that the gods dwell under them. When any of the volcanoes throw out fire and lava, they think their gods demand them to make war. They believed in gods supposed to dwell *beneath*; now many of them believe in the God who dwells in heaven *above*, and who made the world and all that therein is.

Our readers are aware that an unhappy war is yet carried on in New Zealand between the natives and the English: none can regret the war more than the Missionaries; none have striven more for peace. The day when peace shall be proclaimed is, we trust, not very distant. Shall you not rejoice to hear of it? Greatly will you rejoice if you have helped to bring it to pass. Pray, then, to God to give to New Zealand "*Peace*."

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES. No. III.

Exodus iii. 5.—“Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

Luke xv. 22.—“Put shoes on his feet.”

FROM time immemorial it has been considered disrespectful in eastern countries for any man to stand before his superiors *with his shoes on*, and is so still, except in localities where intercourse with Europeans has modified the customs of the natives. This may seem strange to some of us, but those countries are warm and dry, and it would be attended with more danger for a delicate person to stand without a hat or turban than without shoes; besides which, the people, when they sit down indoors, put their feet upon the seat, and the shoes are made to slip off very easily.

I wished some of the young native students in the seminary to read some of the native literature, which is written in a high dialect, thoroughly understood only by a few learned men who have made that study the business of their lives. I found a young man, son of one of the most learned pundits in the south of India, who had been instructed by his father, and was willing to teach my boys. But he was still a heathen, and I never allowed him to teach the boys unless I was with him, for I knew that if he did, he would teach them many things which it would be far better not to know. The young pundit was high caste of course, and many of the boys being low caste, he thought it beneath his dignity to teach them, but seemed to imagine that the honour of keeping his shoes on in my presence would be some compensation for that indignity, for he kept them on, without asking permission, and I said nothing by way of permission or objection; for it was a matter of perfect indifference to me. In his very first lesson, however, he began to talk much about Hindu gods. Every heathen author begins his book either by a prayer to his god, or some ascription of praise to him. Even a shopman making out a bill always writes two or three letters at the top, which mean, "Praise to god," or "Help me, O god!" They are not ashamed of their religion. I wish that all people who call themselves Christians would take care that the very heathen may not rise up in the judgment against them, and condemn them. The book which my boys were reading was a grammar of the high dialect, but it began, as usual, with an ascription of praise to some false god, which the young pundit made use of to attempt to give a lesson in heathen doctrine. I told him that he might pass by that, and commence the grammar. He was

very unwilling to do so, and not only disputed the point, but, on recommencing the lesson, proceeded with his heathen doctrine. I of course stopped him, and told him that I considered such behaviour to be disrespectful to me. He then finished his lesson according to my direction, but went home and told his father that I had said he was disrespectful. The next morning the father, who was a very polite old gentleman, came to my house, and inquired in what way his son had displeased me that I should charge him with want of respect. I told him the circumstance related above, which of course did not affect his mind in precisely the same way that it did mine, and he defended his son's conduct, saying that if there were nothing objectionable in his manner, he thought the circumstance justifiable, and considered his son utterly incapable of behaving in a disrespectful manner. I asked him if he thought that his son ever sat down in the presence of any European with his shoes on. The father, who had left his own shoes in the passage outside the room, replied, "Oh no, Sir, he never did that I am sure." I replied, "He had them on at the time." He said, "That settles the matter, indeed. I shall rebuke him sharply for that." In vain I told him that I disregarded it, and only desired that my wishes might be consulted in the matter of teaching the boys. The old gentleman could not be pacified, but, blushing as much as a black face could blush, he apologized for his son's presumption *in keeping on his shoes*. The result was, that the father came himself to teach the boys, and always kept himself entirely to the subject which I desired.

The custom suggests to us the reason of the command given to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,"

and I have often thought that the love of God to us is beautifully illustrated by our Lord Jesus Christ, when, in the parable of the prodigal son, he introduces the command, "Put shoes on his feet." It shows that He received him, not "as one of his hired servants," who dared not stand before his Master in shoes, but as a son, with full restoration of all his privileges. With true thankfulness to God for having made known to you his great love, will you not do all that you can to make it known to the poor heathen, in order that their feet may be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace ?

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PICTURE.

A good Christian gentleman travelling abroad, in a certain church on the Continent saw a most exquisite and highly-finished picture, representing the crucifixion of the Saviour. It was almost perfect as a work of art, and seemed to set before him the scene depicted with such vividness, that he almost imagined himself a real spectator of the greatest event which ever took place upon the earth. Whilst in the frame of mind likely to be produced by witnessing this sight as a Christian, his eyes rested on the following words, which were written under the painting—"I have done all this for thee: what hast thou done for **ME**?" "Surely," said he, "these words are suggestive of thoughts which ought to occur to our minds in connexion with Missionary work."

In the first place, they teach us what is the motive which should lead us to take an interest in so blessed a labour. Jesus died upon the cross for us, when we were enemies to Him. He loved us when we did not

love Him. He presented us with the greatest proof of that love which could possibly be supplied. And when He had finished the work which the Father had given Him to do on earth, and was going back to heaven, He left with his disciples a true Missionary order—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

We may be very sure that the disciples would love to think of the time when this command was given, and to connect it with what Christ did before, in order to make the way plain for them, whenever they met with opposition, or endured affliction, whilst engaged about the work to which their Master had appointed them. If they were disposed to grow weary because they encountered difficulties, or had to suffer for their faith, they would think of the sufferings which Christ underwent on their behalf, and with courage restored, and spirits refreshed, they would go forth to the battle with sin and Satan, determined to show that the love of Christ constrained them to live no longer to themselves, but for Him who died for them. Should we not also be moved by the same considerations to an earnest longing to be fellow-workers in the great Missionary enterprise?

But do they not further teach us how important is the work of Christian Missions? To save sinners Jesus did not hesitate to leave the heavenly glory, and become "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." By submitting to this, He showed us that every man needs a Saviour. St. Paul tells us that faith comes by hearing, and that man cannot hear without a preacher. It is necessary, therefore, to send forth ministers to publish in heathen lands the tidings of the Saviour's love. God has been pleased to put into the hearts of many of

his faithful servants a desire to go forth on such an errand. He has taught many of His children at home how good it is to help forward so noble an endeavour. What is more likely to create this desire than the thought of the sacrifice which Jesus made for us?

Shall we not also learn what is the good news which our Missionaries have to carry to the heathen to whom they are sent? Christ crucified—was the subject of St. Paul's sermons. Christ crucified—was the story which touched the hearts of those who lived “on Greenland's icy mountains.” Christ crucified—was the tale which moved the souls of those of Afric's sons who were rescued from slavery by noble-hearted sailors, and who now preach Christ crucified to their countrymen.

Would that every reader of this little magazine might be led to pray that this may be the message carried to the ends of the world!

But if we would really secure God's blessing, let us learn first to love Jesus ourselves; and then, for the sake of that love which He showed to us, let us thankfully embrace every opportunity which God gives us of obeying His command, and making known His truth, in “the dark places of the earth” which are still, alas! “the habitations of cruelty.”

J. B. H.

DREADFUL CANNIBALISM.

IN the Island of Hayti a man and his wife stole one of their own neices, a girl about eight years of age, strangled her, flayed her, cut her up, cooked her, and then devoured her, offering the blood to their god—the snake.

Never let us forget that “the dark places of the earth” are *still* “the habitations of cruelty.”



TWO MOSLEM INQUIRERS.

IN the Palestine Mission we have two Mission stations, Jerusalem and Nazareth. The Mission at Jerusalem was commenced in 1851, and at Nazareth in 1853.

Our Missionaries there are called to preach the Gospel among Moslems, or followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and the members of the so-called Christian, but corrupt churches of the East. There are now at the two stations 500 native Protestant Christians, and 70 communicants.

Jerusalem.

The population of Jerusalem numbers about 20,000. The people are divided into different *hareth*, or quarters, which are called after those dwelling in them; as, the hareth of the Jews, the Armenians, the Christians, the Africans, and the Moslems.

To the usual population must be added the flocks of pilgrims who assemble in the city at Easter, amounting sometimes to 20,000.

In the midst of all this darkness there is a light shining. There is the Protestant church erected in Mount Zion, with its evangelical bishop and pastor, its school, hospital, &c.; and, side by side with this, our own Church Missionary work, intended to benefit the Gentile portion of the people.

God's blessing rests upon the work. A spirit of inquiry is noticed. Many are asking, "What shall we do to be saved?" It would seem that Satan is aroused to a sense of the danger of his kingdom, for he is very busy, and his deluded agents are working hard. But "*He that is with us is greater than he that is against us.*"

"It seems to me," writes a Missionary, "that the dreary winter season will soon give way to bright and cheering spring, when I see, now and then, a green blade raise its head and peep from under the icy cover. It is true that 'one swallow does not bring the summer'; still if but one or two souls are introduced to light and liberty, our exertions are amply rewarded. Allow me to mention a cheering instance. Two intelligent young Effendis of a high family have been inquiring into the subject of Christianity. At their request they were brought to my house (*See picture*), and I have had several conversations with them. I was much pleased with the interest they took in discussing religious subjects. I consider it a very great thing at Jerusalem to see two Moslems, of the first families, inquire about the Lord Jesus. We have agreed to meet regularly once a week. May the Lord bless these meetings, and may others imitate their example!"

Our Missionary, Mr. Klein, has engaged a native agent, who visits the villages about Jerusalem, as, Ramallah, Bireh, Tifua, and Bir Zeit. He has been much opposed, but many are willing to listen to the reading of God's word and his teaching. Sometimes he meets a party in a cottage; another time under the shade of a tree; and lately he had a *midnight meeting* on a threshing-floor at Tayibeh, where he found many anxious to listen and ask questions. Nearly the whole night was thus spent.



WAKEFIELD JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WAKEFIELD is the ancient capital of the West Riding of Yorkshire. It has for centuries been called "Merrie Wakefield," and on the 20th of January last it well sustained its reputation. The second annual *soirée* of the Juvenile Church Missionary Association was held on the evening of that day in the music saloon of the Mechanics' Institution, which had been gracefully decorated for the occasion with numerous banners and mottoes.

The admission fee was sixpence a head, but all the trays were given by friends so that the admisions fees, after deducting expenses, will leave a profit to the Society of at least 10*l*. About 500 children sat down to tea, and all appeared to take an interest in the addresses delivered.

After tea the Missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," was sung. Then the Vicar of Wakefield addressed the assembly. His speech was of an encouraging kind, and he concluded by pointing to the bright future, when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ.

The Rev. W. Appleford next spoke, and told of a time "in Britain, when, if they wanted to know whether a boy (they took little notice of girls) should be well brought up, they pitched him upon the roof of a hut, and, if he clung to the thatch and did not slip, they thought he would make a splendid warrior, and would preserve their character for courage; but if he slipped and fell, he would be no good to any one."

The Rev. T. S. Fleming, who has been a Missionary in China, gave an interesting address. He said, "the heathen are compared to sheep—not to horses, because a horse could find his way—but to sheep, the

most helpless of animals." He gave an account of the Chinese sending into the west to find the mighty sage they had heard of, who could teach great doctrine; and how, instead of the worship of the true God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, they heard only of Buddha. From Chinese idolatry he was led on to speak of British idolatry, and showed how, like the bone in the rock, it remained fossilized in our language in such words as the names of the days of the week. Mr. Fleming urged upon the juveniles the blessedness of working for God, and said "My own first work was to collect with a Missionary-box. At that time I never thought I should have to preach the Gospel, and probably I should not if I had not been ready to do my first work. I showed my desire to labour in the cause, and that, I believed, was why other doors had been opened to me. So there might be some in that room, who, from collecting for the Missionary Society, might go out to preach for it."

The Rev. Charles E. Camidge and the Rev. T. Collins afterwards made speeches. The latter suggested the formation of little societies amongst the boys (who, he said, were generally behind the girls), to help on the funds of the Society by the sale of rabbits, eggs, &c. He also pressed them to take Missionary-boxes.

Mr. J. H. Dixon, the Secretary, concluded with a short report of the state of the funds of the Association, and an exhortation to each one present to use every effort during the year that had lately begun.

The hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was then solemnly sung by the whole assembly, and the Vicar dismissed the meeting with the blessing. A portion of the choir of the parish church kindly lent their aid during the evening.

Several children remained to ask for Missionary-boxes, and one girl, there and then, obtained several contributions for her box. Thus finished a pleasant, and, we hope, profitable evening. May this imperfect account stir up others to do likewise!

~~~~~  
THE MISSIONARY'S BOY.

“ Oh, in life's sunny morning, before earth's joys grow dim,

Look up to God, my darling, and put your trust in Him.

He is your tender Father, unseen, but ever nigh ;  
And He will guard and bless you, and hear your faintest cry.

“ Then, tell your little troubles into his loving ear :  
Ask Him to smile upon you, and banish every fear ;  
Obey his gentle counsels with reverence and delight,  
And then his welcome presence will make each moment bright.

“ Be kind, and just, and patient, industrious, mild, and true.

Remember Christ, your Saviour, was once a child like you ;

Tread daily in his footsteps, lean on his mighty arm,  
And let his Holy Spirit your angry passions calm.

“ Keep close to Him, my darling, when I am far away ;  
Keep close, for sin and Satan will tempt you day by day ;

And Christ alone can save you from every hurtful snare :

Keep close to Him, sweet Willie, I trust you to his care.

"Oh ! it is hard to leave you, yet at his thrilling call  
 Meekly upon his altar I lay my child, my all ;  
 And He who watches over the daisies of the field,  
 Will surely from life's perils my infant blossom shield."

Thus spake a loving mother once, with full and prayerful  
 heart,  
 When she from her dear little child awhile was forced  
 to part.

Her's was a Missionary's home, far o'er the deep blue  
 sea,  
 And she must leave behind the son she loved so  
 tenderly ;  
 For Willie was a fragile flower, that would have drooped  
 and died  
 If she had let him live with her where Indian waters  
 glide.

But with her last and fond farewell, when tears her  
 eyes would dim,  
 She strove to lead his thoughts to God, and fix his  
 trust in Him ;  
 And then she knew that if with her he nevermore  
 should dwell,  
 In youth and age, in life and death, all would, all must  
 be well.

Will Willie heed his mother's words, and find her  
 counsels true?  
 I hope he will, dear little child ; but let me ask, " Will  
 you ?" *Church Scholars' Magazine.*





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|                                                                         |         | Boys' & Girls' School, . . .            | 13 2    |
|                                                                         |         | Swinton: . . .                          |         |
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|                                                                         |         | 15 Boxes . . .                          | 5 3 1   |
|                                                                         |         | Westminster: Juvenile Association . . . | 11 0 7  |

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



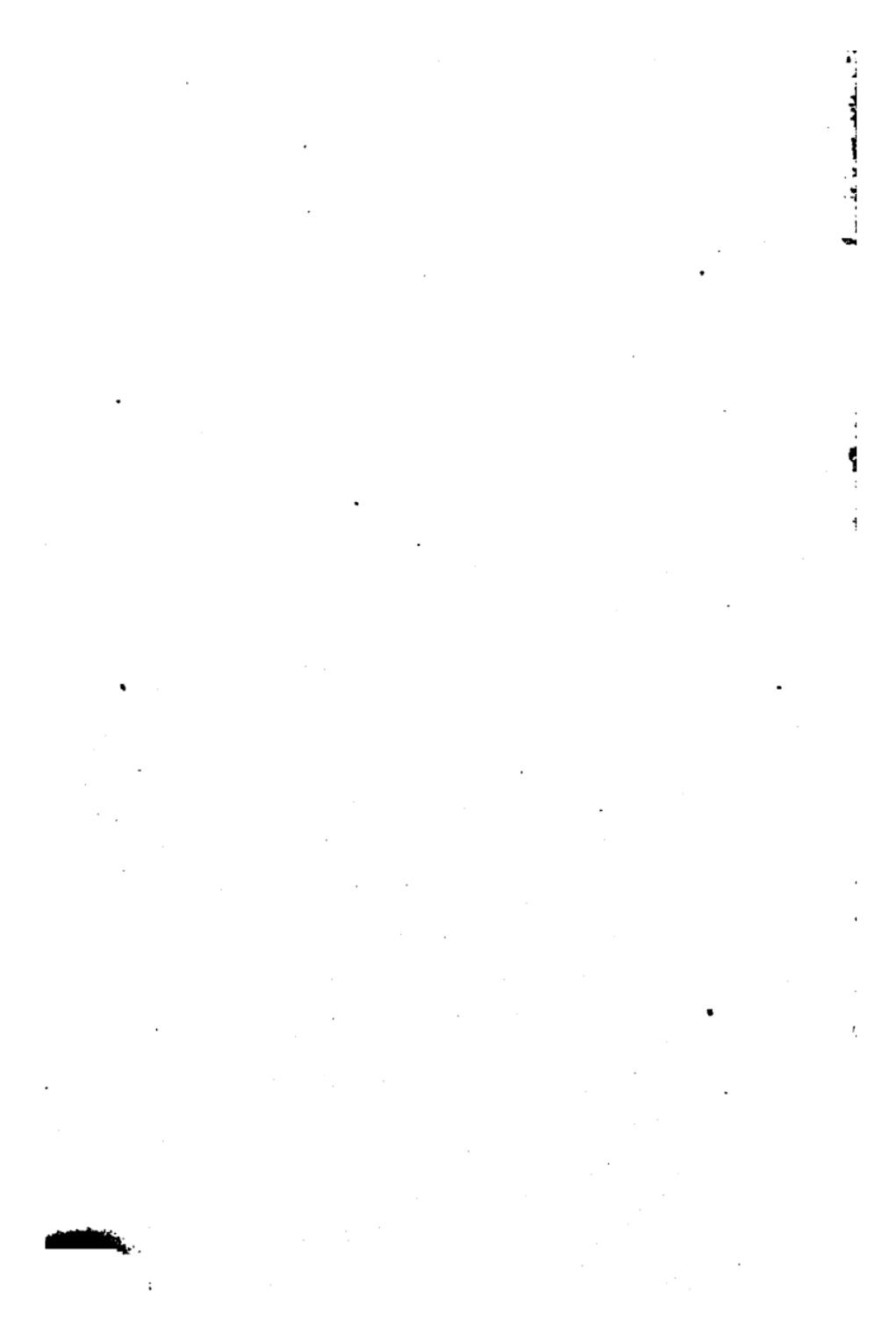
No. 6.]

JUNE, 1865.

[VOL. I.  
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**JUNE.**

**G**



INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION AT SHARANPUR, NASIK. (From a Photograph.)

### INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION, NASIK.

ABOUT one hundred miles from Bombay, prettily situated on the banks of the Godaverry, is the town of Nasik. It is to the heathen a sacred spot—the resort of weary pilgrims from all parts—a city of temples and idols, and the stronghold of Brahminism in Western India.

The Church Missionary Society commenced a Mission there as early as 1852. For twenty years the Missionaries carried on their labours in faith and prayer, but with little *apparent* success. Out of seven labourers, four died at their post, and three were compelled to retire through failure of health. Theirs was the “night of toil,” and it was not given to them, in this world, to reap what they had sown. The promise was only deferred. We, who have “entered into their labours,” know that their “labour was not in vain in the Lord.”

For some years the Mission has experienced the most cheering proofs of the blessing of the Lord. The word has been extensively preached in the town and neighbourhood, and to many it has been made “the power of God unto salvation,” so that they have been willing to suffer persecution, and to “count all things but loss” for the name of Christ.

In March 1854, the Rev. W. Salter Price obtained nearly a hundred acres of land from Government, at a reasonable price, and then laid the foundation of a Christian colony. Year by year it has grown in size and importance. It now has its Mission

house in the centre of the village ; a small church (now almost too small for the congregation) ; an Orphanage, which shelters more than fifty outcast children ; a poor asylum, in which twenty old and infirm people (chiefly lepers or blind) are taken care of ; an African asylum, containing about fifty boys and girls, rescued slaves, from the east coast of Africa ; a school house, attended by eighty Christian children ; and, lastly, an Industrial Institution, in which a variety of trades are carried on.

Of this last Institution we give our young readers a sketch. On the left is the smithy. Next to it is the superintendent's office. Then comes the carpenters' and turners' shop, with the half-made wheel in front of it. In the right-hand corner is the weavers' shop. In this Institution candidates for baptism find employment during their season of probation and instruction. Converts, who, because they are Christians, are cut off from their usual means of support, are here supplied with work, and earn an honest living.

This Christian settlement is now widely known by the name of SHARANPUR, or *City of Refuge*. Here a shelter and a home is provided for the orphan and outcast ; and here many have come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the *True Refuge* of sin-burdened and penitent sinners. The settlement, by God's blessing, still prospers, and our readers may expect to hear tidings of it again.



## MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

## No. IV.

Exodus xxii. 26, 27; and Deuteronomy xxiv. 13.

WHEREIN shall he *sleep*? What a curious question. I think it very likely that some of the young readers of the "Green Book" may feel disposed at first to ask, "Would he then sleep in his clothes if he had them?" If so, they will find the answer to this question in the 13th verse of the 24th chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, where it is commanded that the pledge should be restored in order that the poor man "may sleep in his own raiment." It is still the custom in the East for people to sleep at night in the same clothes that they wear during the day. I do not say that it is a good custom, even for them. Good or bad, however, they did so in former times, and they do so still. But their clothes are not like ours; they do not require any tailor to make them. Their clothing consists chiefly of three pieces of cloth, about a yard wide, and each many yards long. One piece is twisted round the head for a turban: another, thrown loosely over the shoulders, hangs in graceful folds down to the waist, allowing room for the arms to be used: the third, folded round the waist, hangs down to the feet, and is so disposed as not greatly to impede the legs in slow walking, but requires to be taken off, and girded in a different manner round the loins, to allow of walking fast, or running. They do not wear their garments in the same way when they sleep in them, but take them off and wrap themselves up in them, in a manner very different from any thing that we could do with our clothes.

After a very long journey, in one day of which I had travelled in that sultry climate, on horseback or on

foot, about thirty miles, I arrived at a remote village, where the face of a European was very rarely seen. It was night, and had been dark for many hours. The coolies who were carrying my bed and little box of clothes had not arrived. Of course there was no inn in the place, nor any house where I could claim admittance; but seeing a light in a shed, I went in. The shed was enclosed on three sides only, and open on the fourth. There were two or three respectable natives in the shed, one of whom was very pompous in his manner, and much looked up to by the rest. This dignitary looked at me and said, as politely as such a thing could be said, and with a grand salaam, "Sir, you can't come here." I asked him where I could go to sleep, and he said that there was no place in the village, and that the nearest village to it was one which I had passed through on my way, about eight miles distant, nearly all the intervening country being a mountain pass and dense forest, infested with wild beasts. I was already weary with my journey, and told him that I really could not go back, when he repeated in the same stately, solemn way, "Sir, you can't come here." I thought I would try the effect of a little pleasantry upon him, and with a smiling face said to him, "But how can you say so? You see that I am here, and that shows at least that I can come." His rigid features relaxed into something like a smile, and, taking advantage of that, I continued, "You shall also see that I can sleep," and immediately reclined upon the bare earth to sleep. My new friend, as warm now as he had been cold, said with much animation, "Oh, Sir! you really must not lie down on the bare earth. Do allow me to spread something for you." And suiting the action to the word, he took off his own turban, or upper cloth, I

forget which, and, unfolding it, laid it upon the ground for me to wrap myself up in if I pleased. Now, for certain good reasons best known to myself, I was much more afraid of the turban than I was of the ground, and politely declined his kind offer. But he would take no excuse; and I found that if I did not submit, I should offend, and so lose the goodwill and confidence which I wished, for my message sake, to gain. I thought submission by far the least evil, and, thanking him for his kindness, laid me down upon the cloth, and enjoyed as sound a sleep as ever I did on a feather bed. But you may be sure that I did not wrap myself up in his cloth as he would have done.

During that journey I saw many of the inhabitants of that lovely valley, and was most pleased with their attention when I spoke to them of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have never seen them since, but other Missionaries have, and I have heard that more than six hundred of them have given themselves to the Lord, and are now consistent, and some of them even exemplary Christians.

Is it not a wonderful and delightful truth that the great God, the Lord of heaven and earth, not only takes care of us when we sleep, but even takes notice whether or not we have comfortable garments to sleep in. There is nothing so small that He will not regard it. And when one man gives another that which is needful for his comfort, God declares it to be righteousness in his sight. (Deut. xxiv. 13.) How much more, then, may we believe that He will be pleased when we send to the heathen who have not yet known Him, that Gospel which is needful, not merely for their comfort, but for their salvation: whereby they may be clothed in the spotless robe of the righteousness of Christ.

A DISAGREEABLE COMPANION—  
WHO IS HE?

He is everybody's companion ; there is neither man, woman, nor child with whom he is not acquainted. He is always to be *seen* with some people, and, on the other hand, scarcely ever seen with others ; but whether seen or not, he is always there, and well known.

When a person is in the pursuit of some favourite amusement, you may be pretty sure of seeing this said companion with him ; and he likes being with children, who always have their own way.

He is a very dangerous companion, most deceitful and obstinate, yet it is strange how much he is beloved by every one, and how greatly *his* ease and comfort is consulted. But, by those who have found out the Best Friend, even the Lord Jesus Christ, this companion is looked upon as a foe, rather than a friend ; for since they became new creatures in Christ Jesus, they have earnestly wished to shake off their old acquaintance, and nothing grieves them more than when they please *him* more than Christ. Yet he never altogether leaves them in this world, but in heaven he cannot live. He will do his utmost to tempt the friends of Jesus to trust their eternal safety to *him*, and to clothe themselves with his *fancied* righteousness, rather than Christ's.

He will also endeavour to make them believe, contrary to God's word, that it is more blessed to receive than to give, only that he himself may be more enriched.

He loves being praised, and if there be no one else to do it, will praise himself.

He is a very intimate friend of people of the world, and he makes a very imposing appearance whenever

their aid is solicited for a charitable object. He watches very closely the opening and shutting of the purse, and is always present when wearing apparel is bought. It is his presence that makes the world so cold and unhappy.

We would especially caution our young friends to beware of him at a Missionary meeting, or when a Missionary sermon is preached, or when they are asked to give to any good cause. His pleadings for himself are often so very strong at those times, that little folks (*and great ones too*) are ready to make any excuses for not giving liberally. The strong attachment which people have for this disagreeable companion is a great hindrance to all kinds of Missionary work.

Dear young friends, I am sure you will easily guess who this tiresome companion is. I assure you, there is very little peace of mind for those who are always consulting *self*.. Make it your earnest daily prayer that the matchless love of Jesus may so constrain you that you may no longer live to *Self*.                   AUNT BERTHA.

~~~~~

NATIVE FEMALES OF INDIA.

THE Hindus are forbidden by their religion to teach their girls even to read and write. The poor little girls are brought up in ignorance. An effort has been made of late years to remedy this sad state of things, and some Hindu fathers will allow their daughters to be taught.

Missionary work among Hindu women has been undertaken by Christian ladies, and, we are thankful to say, with some success.



These good ladies have many difficulties to contend with, and many disappointments patiently to bear. One writes—"To approach the females of

the higher classes I found very difficult. Only here and there was I permitted to visit the ladies. At a fair I visited a Hindu lady, the wife of a rich Rajah. I was received in a canvas enclosure, and seated in front of the lady's tent. She was then led out by two of her attendants, but so closely veiled that I could not catch a glimpse of her face. She was dressed in rich silks, bordered with heavy gold and silver embroidery. She did not talk to me, but to all I said her two attendants answered for her. On my expressing a wish to see her face, the two women lifted up her veil, and disclosed a very pretty and timid-looking young face, so surrounded with ornaments that it appeared set in a frame of gold and precious stones! She seemed very attentive when I told her that bathing in the river Ganges could not remove the stains of sin, and that they could be washed away only in the blood of Christ."

The state of the Hindu women and their little girls is such as to move all hearts to pity. We trust the good Christian ladies who are endeavouring to lead them to Christ, and to benefit their condition, will always be remembered in prayer by the readers of our Magazine. The girls, we are sure, will not forget to pray; and the boys, too, will not forget those whose need is great, and whom they can help.

A LETTER TO KIND HELPERS IN ENGLAND.

Kandy, Ceylon, August 1864.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

I cannot tell you how greatly we are cheered and encouraged in our work by your continued kindness and affection. Your help is most valuable: such a large sum quite astonished us. I do hope a large blessing will rest upon it, and that those who have helped with their money will also help with their prayers, and, at last, have the joy of meeting in heaven many who, by their means, have been taught that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

Before we came to Kandy we heard that a school for Singhalese girls had been relinquished after a few years, and that no school for Tamil girls had ever been begun. We therefore knew there were many difficulties, and I felt afraid to say any thing of my hopes and wishes. But on the evening of our arrival here (New-year's day) these hopes and wishes were greatly increased by the very warm and affectionate welcome we received from the catechists and their wives, who had all assembled to meet us.

After four months wandering by sea and land among strangers, it was comforting to feel that we were once more among friends, and these friends were formerly *heathen* girls, the children of *heathen* parents. By God's grace they had been brought under Christian instruction. Christian instruction had been blessed to their conversion, and they are now the happy wives of Christian teachers, and are training their children for heaven. No one will wonder that we wished that some of the poor little girls in Ceylon might, like them, be

brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

The next day we received a letter containing 5*l.* from friends at S—, for the school. "Now we can do something," we said. Elizabeth, the wife of one of our catechists, was appointed schoolmistress, and on the 1st of February we began with a day school. For the first fortnight only three children came. Soon the numbers were increased to twelve. Before the end of March, however, we had eighteen day scholars, many of them very intelligent little girls, and delighted to learn, though *very, very* ignorant. Only two of them knew their letters, so every day the schoolmistress teaches them a text and a Bible story: these they repeat to me, and by many questions and illustrations I try to make the subjects clear and interesting. They are really improving very nicely, and look so bright and happy. These are the day scholars, but their attendance is very irregular. Their heathen mothers can neither read nor work, and find many excuses for keeping them at home. I wished very much to have some children under my own care, as I had in Tinnevelly, and we often heard from the catechists of people who wished to send their children. When friends in S— sent money to support two children, we gladly received them. We had no schoolroom, so they learn in the verandah, as the other children had done from the first, and sleep in the little study. Now, with the money sent by our kind friends in N—, we hope to receive four more children, and, with alterations, repairs, and whitewashing, to arrange a suitable sleeping room for the six. We hope all will be ready to begin on the 1st of September. Food and clothes for a child for one year cost 8*l.* here; we had promised to receive children whose relations will pay

half, and to ask Christian friends in England to help us with the other half. Last Thursday I had a large class round me of thirty boys, all with dark skins, not black, but bright brown. Some are Tamil boys, some Singhalese, some Mahratta, some Malay, some Mohammedans, almost all heathen, but quietly learning to read the Bible, and answering questions from the Gospel of St. Luke.

They attend our bazaar school, but come up for examination once a fortnight. It is quite a pleasure to see how fast they improve; but your school-girls will like to hear about my girls, so I will tell them of one named Sabina. She first came to school about two months since; she looked sadly cross and sullen, and we could scarcely get her to tell us her name, and when we tried to teach her a text she would not open her mouth. The next day she repeated the words I told her, but would not speak when the schoolmistress taught her. After a few days she got over this difficulty, but would only say each *word* as we told her; we could not get her to say the *verse* herself. One day I said, "Do they beat you much at home?" "Yes," she shouted in an angry tone. "Who beats you?" I asked. "My mother," was the answer. This was two months ago. I wish you could see her as she stands by me now, with a gentle, smiling face, ready to repeat John iii. 14, to read an easy lesson in the "first book," and to write on her slate the words she reads. The change has really astonished me. I trust some higher influence than ours is at work. You must not imagine that I think Tamil children better than English; they are more obedient, orderly, and well behaved than little boys in England often are, but they have many *very sad* faults.

One little girl has told me at least six untruths, in a short time, about a jacket I gave her a month ago: it is gone now. At first she persisted that she "did not know where," then that "it was blown away by the wind;" with several more inconsistent tales, evidently untrue; but when I told her that she would not have a new cloth or jacket till that one was brought, she said she would bring it in three days. I believe she gave it to a cousin who came to see her a few days ago; but I fear we shall never know the truth, though no doubt the jacket will be produced, as a new set are being made for Sundays. Not many weeks ago a two-anna piece (3d.) was taken from the study table. Three had been put there just before prayers: immediately afterwards one was gone. The two little girls had passed through the room, so I asked them about it; but they knew nothing, they said. I told them to look for it till they found it, and in ten minutes one of them brought it to me. "Where had she found it?" She took me into another room, and, lifting up a corner of the mat, said it was there. "Then you must have put it there," I said. She began to cry, but it was hours before she would own her fault. A better mind came in the evening, and she confessed she had taken it. I hope no little girl in N—— Sunday school would steal or tell falsehoods like these children; but they must remember that these girls have lived among heathen people, and have only lately learnt how displeasing these sins are to God; and I trust they will pray that new hearts may be given them, that they may "steal no more," and speak the truth always.

I remain, gratefully yours,
J. PICKFORD.

WORKING FOR CHRIST.

THE low tuft grass is not a stately tree,
 Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose ;
 It yields no nectar to the grateful bee,
 Nor fashions for their transit o'er the sea

The " hearts of oak " revered by friends and foes
 Yet think of it as lightly as you will,
 Passing it over in your careless tread ;
 It has its own peculiar place to fill,
 And, humble as its work appeareth, still
 Nor oak, nor rose, could do that work instead.

So, youthful Christian, through life's transient day,
 There is a special work marked out for you :
 It may be of the lowliest kind, it may
 Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
 But none beside yourself *your* work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne,
 And seek to learn the purpose of his grace ;
 Ask Him, who has so oft your duty shown,
 To point you out the work that is your own,
 And tell you where to find your proper place.

" What wilt Thou have me do ? " With single eye
 To your Redeemer's glory, work for Him ;
 Illumined every moment from on high,
 Strive in each action Christ to glorify,
 Nor let one thought of self, life's radiance dim.

Work ! work ! nor covet an ignoble rest ;
 Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile :
 Those love the Saviour most who serve Him best,
 And he who blesses others shall be blest
 With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile.

Church Scholars' Magazine.

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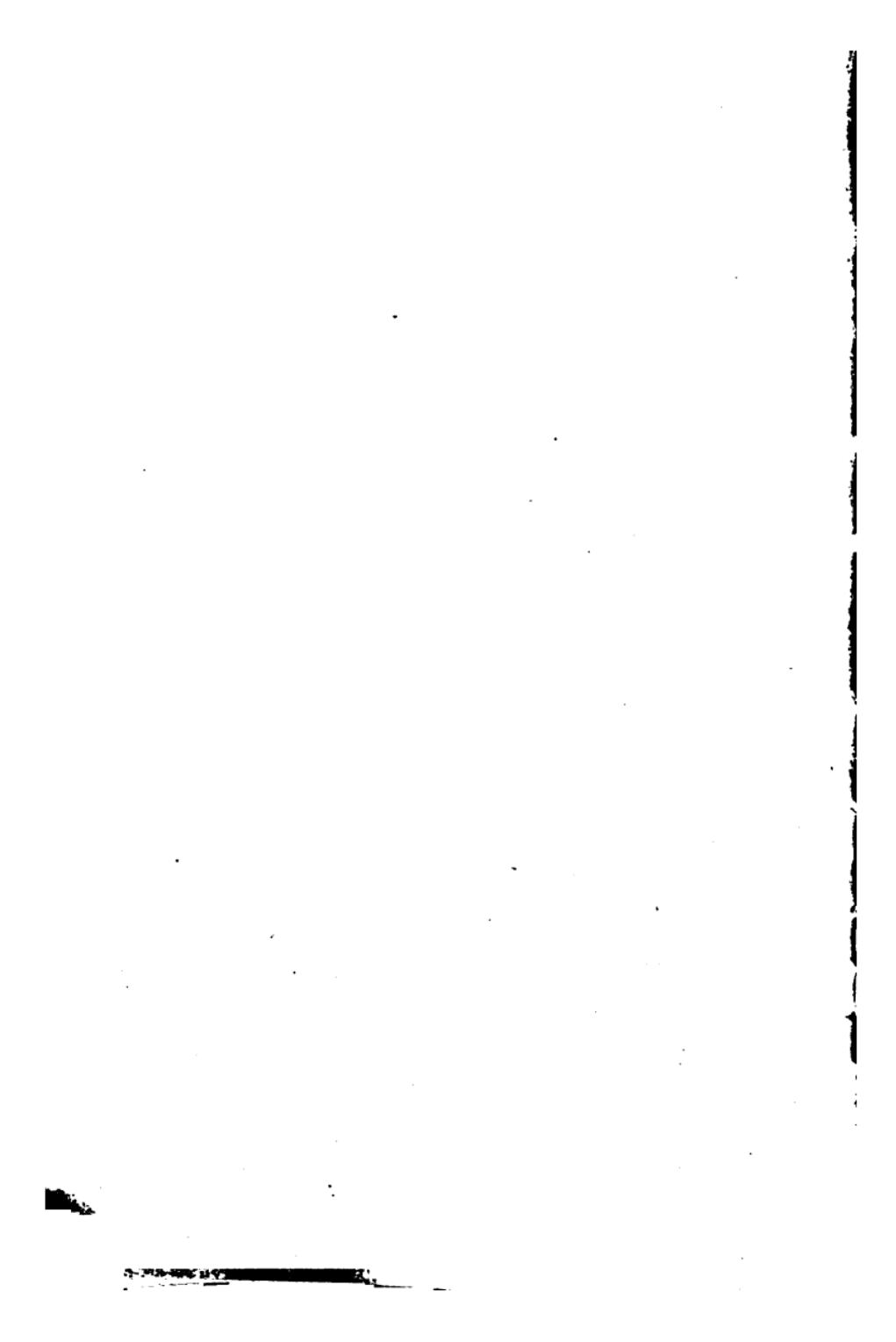
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JULY, 1865.

VOL. I.
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JULY.

H



THE ENGLISH COLONEL AND THE NEW ZEALANDER

THE ENGLISH COLONEL AND THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF.

It is with a heavy heart we write about New Zealand. It has not always been so. We have often rejoiced to write of the triumphs of the Gospel there. The sad war, of which we have before written, still continues. Still, then, we wish all to pray to God to stop the bloodshed, and give to New Zealand peace.

The war has in some parts entirely put a stop to Missionary work. How Satan must rejoice! But we have tidings that lead us not to despair.

Archdeacon Maunsell writes from Waikato—"I am very thankful to report that my people seem as regular as ever in their attendance on the means of grace." Every Sabbath many still pray from the heart "that it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord," and ask God to bless *their* Queen and *our* Queen, and to give to those who rule under her in New Zealand, "grace, wisdom, and understanding."

From a district further south Archdeacon Hadfield writes—

"Certainly the last six months have struck me as the darkest and most discouraging that I have experienced for many years. The young people are thrown off their balance, children are left to run riot, and the people generally seem to think that no efforts on their part to live peaceably with the English, or rather with the Government, can be of any avail, and seem to have become reckless. But against this, in my district at least, I can

say that fully nine-tenths of the communicants go on steadily and well, and that we have had our new church built, on which they have expended 500*l.* I have been deeply impressed with the powerful effect produced by religion on these poor people, in restraining them from acts of hostility, while their immediate relatives in other parts of the country are suffering from what they consider the injustice of the Government."

And how has the war been carried on? One of our officers writes to his father that, after a battle, he observed that the bodies of the natives who had fallen inside the English lines lay unburied, but that the New Zealanders had decently interred the bodies of the English soldiers who fell inside the native lines. Surely the Gospel has done something for these people, who, not long ago, were cannibals, and delighted to scalp a foe and insult his body.

After one battle, in which the natives were routed, and then laid down their arms and surrendered, the Governor wrote, in a proclamation, "It is right to mark our sense of the honourable manner in which you have conducted hostilities, neither robbing nor murdering, but respecting the wounded." Who, that remembers what they *were*, can fail to see a *great change*—a change effected by the Gospel which has been preached among them, and believed by many. If the Gospel ruled every English and every native heart in New Zealand, the war had never occurred. The Gospel *has* prevented the war from being what it otherwise would have been.

When the colonel of one of our English regiments

lay dangerously wounded within a native "pa," a native chief left the pa to fetch the dying officer some water. He had learned, methinks, "If thine enemy thirst give him drink." He knew it was dangerous to go for the water: shots were flying about everywhere. He would be seen and fired at. Still, pity—pity such as no New Zealander ever felt ere the Gospel was preached in New Zealand—moved him. He went—went to fetch water for the man with whom he had been fighting. He believed the English were fighting against him unjustly, and trying to do him great wrong; but the wounded Englishman was faint, in pain, and very thirsty. Disregarding the danger to which he exposes himself, the noble, brave New Zealander will fetch him water! He is bringing it. Alas! he falls—falls mortally wounded: a bullet has struck him: the water is spilt on the ground and mingled with his own life blood. Next day the colonel and his "friend"—yes, he was indeed a *friend*—died. I hope they are both now, through the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, where none ever thirst, or fight, or slay; where holy peace and love and joy alone are known and felt.

Now, dear readers, may God move you to pray earnestly for New Zealand. God has not forgotten to be gracious; let us not forget to pray. We must not despair. How can we? Why should we?

The Bishop of Waiapu, our old friend, writes—and I am sure he would wish you all to read and to take to heart what he believes and says—"While

therefore the enemy is doing his utmost to hinder the Gospel, God is manifesting his power, and He gives us the assurance that He is directing all things towards the accomplishment of his purposes, the final result of which will be the establishment of his kingdom." And that kingdom you know is "righteousness, *peace*, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

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#### ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

##### No. V.

*Deut. xxxii. 13.* } "Honey out of the rock."  
*Psalm lxxxii. 16.* }

IN some countries of the East, whenever a native wishes to have an interview with any person whom he regards as his superior, he offers him some present. It may be an article of no intrinsic value; indeed, it is most commonly a lime, that is, an inferior sort of lemon, several of which might be bought for a penny; but no man would think of going without it to be introduced to his superior. When the present is kindly received, it is a mark of goodwill and friendship; and when not accepted, but returned, it is a sign that the person refusing it wishes to have no further intercourse with the person who offers it. This custom prevails in all the countries which I have visited, and it illustrates many passages of Scripture (See Prov. xviii. 16, and the parallel passages.)

In one of my visits to a settlement of wild men in

the recesses of an Indian jungle, as soon as I arrived the poor men brought forward a present.

It must not be supposed, however, that they did so to show their goodwill towards me, but rather to try mine towards them. They had no limes to bring, but their present consisted of a quantity of honey, contained in a hollow piece of bamboo cane. I accepted their present, and, tasting the honey, found that it was most delicious. I asked them where they got it, and they replied, "Out of the rocks." You may be sure that this brought to my remembrance the words of the two texts mentioned at the beginning of this paper, and of many others in the holy Bible. But I was not surprised, for often, as I passed through those solitary forests, I had seen swarms of wild bees, forming their honeycombs in the fissures of the rocks ; indeed, holes in the rocks are their favourite resort. The wild men seemed pleased when I received their present and expressed my gratification with it, but when, according to custom, I offered them a return present, to my surprise they declined to receive it ; politely but very decidedly. The presents which I offered them, though very simple and inexpensive to me, were of much value to them. They consisted of a few cloths and hatchets. They turned away their longing eyes from them, lest they should be tempted to accept them, and said, "No, no ; we won't, we won't." I asked them why they refused my present, and they said, "If we take your present, you will tell us to be Christians, and you will take us away from our mountains, and we don't want to go, and we don't want the presents."

There were about ten men standing there who were not wild men nor Christians, but heathen men from the low country, known to be thieves. They had long been

accustomed to go up in gangs, and steal the honey, wild cardamoms,\* and other produce of the forest, which the wild men collected for their own use, and were afraid that if the mountain men should listen to us, their wickedness would become known. They had heard that we were going up, and had managed to go up before us, and told the mountain men these falsehoods, in order to make them afraid of us. When I perceived this, I asked the wild men, "Did you not give us a present just now?" They said, "Yes." "And," I added, "we took it. Now this is only a return present: we don't want you to leave your mountains. Don't believe those wicked men." "Oh then," they replied, all at once, "we want them, we want them," and very gladly took what we gave, and asked for more. That being done, we endeavoured to urge them to accept that which is "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter, also, than honey and the honeycomb." What unexpected opposition the Gospel meets with! Truly there are many adversaries, and therefore all Christians, young and old, should be the more ready to help.

#### No. VI.

*Job xxiv. 16.—"In the dark they dig through houses."*

Early one morning I heard that there had been a robbery in the Indian village where I had slept. I went to the house to inquire about it, expecting to see a picked lock or broken shutter; but instead of this, I

\* Cardamoms are pungent and aromatic seeds. They grow in pods, and the plant produces large and beautiful flowers. In the mountain forests they grow wild.

saw a hole which had been dug through the wall of the house, which strikingly reminded me of the expression in the above passage. I suppose that every child in England knows that bricks are made of *clay*, and in this country are burnt with fire, but in very hot countries they are often made of common earth, not clay, and dried by the sun. This is done to save expense. I built a house with bricks of this kind, and lived in it for several years. Such a house does very well when the roof is tight, and no water is allowed to get to the walls, which are easily destroyed if allowed to get wet. The thieves know that very well, and so, when they determine to break into a house of that kind, they just soften part of the wall with water, and then, with any piece of stick, they can dig a hole through large enough to get in, and so quietly as not to disturb the sleepers. Now, I dare say that you pity the poor people who cannot afford to build houses more secure, but must often be in peril of robbers. You cannot help them to better ones in this world, but you can tell them, or assist in sending others to tell them, how they may have a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



#### HINDU SUPERSTITION.

I REMEMBER the case of a Hindu, who lived near me in the south of India, who trained a parrot to repeat the name of his god. The parrot soon learned to do the prayer nearly as well as the master. The parrot's "vain repetition" and "much speaking" the poor Hindu thought the god would reckon to his good account when he came to balance and make all straight by-and-by after death.



#### AN AFRICAN DYER.

OUR illustration represents an African woman engaged in dyeing. She sits under a shed, with her dye-pot in front; upon a sloping board, rising out of the pot, she drags the cloth, or thread, from the

bottom, with a crooked stick, in order to examine the progress of the work; at her right hand is placed the dye-pot: the dye is made of common wood ashes. This is an employment always followed by women, and, as it is not considered a drudgery, often by the wives of chiefs and principal men. Indigo is the colour used, and a very excellent dye is made, as nearly all the ordinary garments are dyed blue. Indigo is plentifully grown in Western Africa, and, when prepared, is sold in the market. The dye is somewhat defective, not being what in England is valued, viz. a "fast colour;" but as the articles can be re-dyed, this is not of much importance. We suppose the Africans have not yet discovered the use of a "mordant" in dyeing, a material which fixes the dye. Dyeing is one of the useful arts of life. God, in his gracious bounty, has given us means of producing beauty and elegance, as well as objects of mere utility, and the process of dyeing will lead us to think of that dark stain of sin which has covered all the race of Adam—"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

"How sad our state of nature is!  
Our sin, how deep its stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains."

Sad indeed would be the condition of sinful man, but for the abounding mercy of God, who has provided a means of cleansing,—even Christ's most precious blood.

What a gracious invitation is that addressed to poor sinners by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah. i. 18.)

But the poor heathen know not of this gracious God, who is ready to pardon and forgive; and "how then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14, 15.) Let us then, dear friends, use our best efforts, and be also very faithful in our prayers, that God's mercy may be extended to these poor *sin-dyed* idolaters.

G. T.

---

#### A LETTER FROM MASULIPATAM.

THE following letter has been received from Johanna Thornhill, a girl in Mrs. Sharkey's school, and refers to the dreadful cyclone, of which we gave our readers an account in the March "Instructor."

"MADAM,—I can scarcely describe to you the great distress we suffered on November 1, 1864. On that day we went to school in the morning. It was raining all day. After we had dined we went into school again, and took our sewing, until Mrs. Sharkey sent us to our rooms. It was even then stormy, and from about four to ten o'clock it was increasing. Some of the elder girls were with Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey. There was a large tree near our dormitory, the branches of which broke, and the fall of these frightened us very much

We took our supper, and, after prayer, went into our rooms to sleep. Then the rain was coming into the rooms through the windows and from above. We brought the little girls from their rooms, removed their wet clothes, put dry ones on them, and made them sit down. Soon after, we found the water coming into our rooms, and thought the large bathing-tub in our bathroom had burst; but we knew soon after that it was the sea. We expected to die, and commended our souls to God, and prayed to Jesus to receive us and take our souls to Himself. Some of us were hanging on to a window that came within our reach, and waited until the morning, when, as we were left without clothes, we tore off the cloth that was half down from the ceiling and covered ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey were very much distressed, and Mrs. Sharkey gave us some cloth, that had escaped the sea water, to wear. Every article was wet by the sea water, so that we could get no proper food to eat, or good water to drink. But many persons came to our help then. There were dead bodies all around us. The day before the inundation was a Hindu festival, and almost the whole town had put on their ornaments and jewels of gold and silver; so, with their jewels on, they were swept away. Even after ten days these bodies were being buried. Of our schoolchildren, thirty-three were swept away, and those bodies that were found have been buried in our own garden. The bodies of those who had been in the town were scattered everywhere, and their violent death gave them a very painful appearance. They were full of joy, of merriment, when their summons came. But the suddenness of this event did not frighten the wicked men who have survived. They have gone about robbing the bodies of the jewels on them, thus provoking

God by continuing in their sins. Truly, men do not feel thankful enough for the many undeserved mercies sent them by God.

“Madam, I am hoping, in a short time, to be baptized. Pray for me, that in my heart I may put my trust in Jesus Christ. I do trust that you always pray for me.”

~~~~~

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

ON May 2nd the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall.

The Committee reported the very large income of 144,464*l.* To this we must add 20,000*l.* raised and expended in the Missions. Let us thank God, and pray for grace to do more, for a large increase in funds is very much needed. The Committee expressed themselves “deeply sensible of their obligations to the numerous body of self-denying collectors, as well as to the Secretaries and Treasurers of Associations.” Our young helpers, and those who help them to help in the good work, are here included. Whilst thanking all for their past labours, they venture to suggest that a new canvass for subscribers might in many places be undertaken with, doubtless, a good result. Perhaps, in connexion with our Juvenile Associations in some places, such an effort will be made during the present year.

We hope next year to be able to announce the exact amount contributed by our Juvenile Associations.

During the past year ten clergymen and four laymen have been sent out as Missionaries; and eight clergymen and six lay-agents have returned home. There are therefore 200 ordained and eighteen unordained European Missionaries supported by our Society. To these we add fifteen East-Indian and country-born clergymen and teachers, and the native ordained ministers num-

ber nineteen. The increase of eight in the number of native ministers is most encouraging.

The Islington Institution contains at present forty-eight students—"men of prayer," we trust, and hereafter to prove themselves "men of power," through the grace of God, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom in many lands.

We will add to this summary a statement made by the Committee, which will, we hope, put some of our readers a-thinking. It regards India. The Society has more than 100 European Missionaries in India. The number of registered converts is 51,700. The whole number of Protestant Missionaries labouring in India is about 500; the whole number of converts about 140,000.

Suppose each Missionary could work a district of ten square miles—and he must be a very hard-working and strong man to do so—then, dividing India into 300 parts, we should only have Missionaries enough for one part, and the remaining 299 parts must be uncared for!

Divide the Missionaries among the people, and each company of 360,000 heathen would have but one teacher!

Here, then, is a sad dearth of teachers. Here is a call to all to pray more and to labour more. The cry is that of old, "*Come over, and help us.*"



HOW TO HELP THE SOCIETY.

"I HAVE the pleasure of sending you 1*l.*, being the contents of a little box, in which I have asked my friends to drop a penny whenever they borrowed one of my books. This source has produced about 3*s.* during the last year. The rest of the money was obtained in, per-

haps, a novel manner. As I have often been asked by my friends to copy music, I began to think if I could turn this to account, and told any one who asked me to copy music for her that I should be glad to get sixpence a page for my box. No one objected to this when I mentioned your Society. In this way I have obtained 13s. during the last six months. I mention this to suggest the method to others. Fifty persons lending each twelve books to their friends during the year, at a penny each, would produce 2l. 10s.; and fifty persons copying each ten pages of music at sixpence a page, would obtain 12l. 10s."—*Female Missionary Intelligencer*.



THE LITTLE SPRING.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
 Among the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
 Where weary man might turn.

He wall'd it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at its brink ;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again, and, lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

Juvenile Missionary Herald.





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PROCEEDINGS OF JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS

	£	s	d	
Ambleside:				2
Christmas Tree	34	5	0	
Schools: Boys	1	7	0	
Girls	1	13	0	
Miss Healey's	10	9	0	
Infants	17	0	0	
Boxes	3	0	0	
Blackheath, for 1864	22	3	3½	
Dover, for 1864:				2
Collections after Meet- ings	17	3½		
Servants' Bible Class				1
Box	5	3½		
Infants' Sunday Box	4	19		
Sunday School Boxes:				1
Girls	14	10½		
Boys	16	2		
Gateshead:				2
Juvenile Collections				
(May 6)				1
Annual Meeting (Mar-				1
22)				1
St. Mary's Girls' Sun- day School (May				1
31)				1
St. James's, Gateshead				
Park, Sunday School				
(June 9)				1
Hanley (Old Church):				
Boys' Sunday School				
Box				1
Workmen's Refuge				1
Trowbridge: Half a				1
year's Contribution				1

A TRACT

ON

Juvenile Church Missionary Associations

Has been prepared, and may be had gratuitously on applying to
the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square.

W. M. Waits, Crown Court, Temple Bar.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTOR



No. 8.

AUGUST, 1865.

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PROCEEDINGS OF JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS

	£	s	d	
Ambleside:				£
Christmas Tree	34	5	0	Gateshead:
Schools: Boys	1	7	0	Juvenile Collections
Girls	1	13	0	(May 6)
Miss Healey's	10	0	0	Annual Meeting (May
Infants	17	6	0	22)
Boxes	3	0	0	St. Mary's Girls' Sun-
Blackheath, for 1864	22	3	3½	day School (May
Dover, for 1864:				31)
Collections after Meet-				St. James's, Gateshead
ings	17	3½		Park, Sunday School
Servants' Bible Class				(June 9)
Box	5	3½		Hanley (Old Church):
Infants' Sunday Box	4	19		Boys' Sunday School
Sunday School Boxes:				Box
Girls	14	10½		Workmen's Refuge
Boys	16	2		Trowbridge: Half
				year's Contribution

A TRACT

67

JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY
ASSOCIATIONS

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W. M. Waits, Crown Court, Temple Bar.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



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BAPTISM AT FUH-CHAU, CHINA.

BAPTISM AT FUH-CHAU.

THE Society's Mission in China comprises four stations—Hong Kong, where there is one European and one native clergyman ; Fuh-chau, where there are two Missionaries ; Ningpo and Pekin, at each of which three Missionaries reside. At Shanghai a native clergyman is the pastor of a small native church.

FUH-CHAU.

At Fuh-chau a small congregation has been formed. At the commencement of last year the Missionaries were absent through sickness, and Satan stirred up the heathen to riot and violence. The chapel, the schoolroom, and the house in which the Missionaries lived, were broken into, and much property destroyed. But Satan was outwitted : these things turned out to the futherance of the Gospel. Some of the native Christians had been ill-used and beaten : they bore their sufferings patiently. Christ strengthened them to endure. When reviled, they reviled not again ; then the heathen multitude began to pity them, and to admire them. "What makes them so different from others ?" they asked. Being now better treated, and feeling that God was with them, and turning the hearts of their enemies towards them, the converts became bold and zealous : they spoke of Jesus ; they preached in the streets. Many began to inquire about Christianity, and when the Missionaries returned they found much to

gladden their hearts. Some came and said, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" That makes a **Missionary** glad, very glad. The Rev. J. Wolfe, writes—

"It will cheer you to learn that, since my last communication to you, we have had four persons added to our church—two adults and two children. One of the children is the son of our old, faithful chapel-keeper; the other is the daughter of one of the adults admitted to baptism at the same time. The baptism of one of the adults, a very clever young man, took place towards the end of October; the other, with the two children, took place on Christmas-day. It was very pleasing and cheering to see the latter bring his little daughter to the font in his arms, and there consecrate her and himself to God by holy baptism. We were all very much interested in this man, as he was formerly one of our most bitter opponents. He used to come to our chapel for the sole purpose of abusing the catechist and interrupting our service, and troubled us very much. On one occasion we had to remove him from the premises. After this, he did not make his appearance for some months, during which time we lost sight of him altogether. One Sunday, however, he came again, and took a seat at the lower end of the building. When service was over I went to talk with him. I did not at first recognise him. He said, 'Sing Sang, don't you know me?' I said, 'No; I do not.' 'You ought,' said he, 'to know me.' After this I had some very interesting conversation with him, and I found that the Spirit of God had been at work in his mind (for I cannot ascribe the change which took place in him to any thing else). He had given up idolatry, and had very correct

views of God. He said he wished to become a Christian, and worship Jesus ; that he clearly saw we had the truth. I told him we should rejoice to receive him into our little company, but he must wait, and place himself under instruction, and show signs that his desires were sincere. After this, he attended all our meetings for prayer and instruction, and rapidly grew in knowledge and in faith. He gained more knowledge of the Scriptures the few months he was under instruction, than some of our members have gained during the whole time they have been with us. The result was, his baptism on Christmas-day. At first he was unwilling that his baptism should take place on that day, 'for,' said he, 'I am not worthy to be baptized on the day that my Saviour came down into this world.' I explained that it was most appropriate that the day on which Jesus was born into the world to save sinners and establish a church, should witness a soul admitted into his church. With this explanation he was satisfied. He is now very zealous, and already has brought some of his friends to inquire about the Saviour. Before he became a Christian he carried on a very lucrative business in connexion with the idolatrous temples, &c. ; but he could not continue this business afterwards. He not only had to give up this business, but had to suffer a great deal of persecution from his former acquaintances. He has frequently been seen in the streets, surrounded by a crowd of people, abusing him, and blaspheming that Holy Name by which he is now called. He is not ashamed of Jesus, but bears a simple and clear testimony before his abusers. Under these circumstances, I felt perfectly justified in helping him to get a new business, in which, I have every reason to believe, he will do well as a Christian man."

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF
SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. VII.

Psalm xcii. 12.—“The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.”

THE palm-tree and the cedar are very unlike one another. They are about as diverse as any two large trees that could be selected. The cedar is a very magnificent tree, throwing out large branches throughout the whole length of its trunk, the largest being nearest the root, and the rest tapering off to a point at the top. The palm-tree has no branches at all, only a tuft of large leaves at the top of its trunk. The cedar flourishes on mountains, and in the cold: the palm-tree on hot plains. Yet they must have something in common, because the righteous is compared to both. If we can only ascertain in what respect they are both alike, we shall be able to understand what the Holy Spirit of God intended to illustrate by the comparison.

In travelling from one village to another, I passed, about break of day, through a sandy desert, where scarcely a single blade of grass could be seen for many miles, nor any shrub, except here and there a thorn bush, and only one kind of tree. That one kind of tree, however, not only exists, but flourishes there, and it is the lofty palm-tree, called the palmyra. It affords plenty of employment to the inhabitants of the villages in that part of the country — to the women and children, as well as the men. The men climb the trees to bring down the sweet juice called “*patthaneer*.” The fruit of the palmyra-tree grows at the

top, in the midst of its tuft of leaves. It is not so nice as the cocoa-nut, but is sometimes eaten if allowed to ripen. This is not often the case, for it is known that if the unripe fruit be cut off from its stem, a sweet juice oozes out, and continues to do so during the season, as long as the stem is kept fresh cut. The men in the morning go up to the top of the tree, which is sometimes seventy feet high, or even higher, and, cutting off the unripe fruit, hang a little earthen pot under the wounded stem. There are sometimes eight or ten of these pots on one tree. In the evening they climb up again, with a large empty pot, into which they pour the contents of those on the trees, and cutting a little slice off the stem to keep it open, hang up the empty pots again, and come down. The women are near, with much larger earthen pots, which they place on three or four stones, to raise them a little from the ground. The men pour the patthaneer which they have brought into the large earthen pots, and when one has enough in it, the women light a fire under it, and boil the patthaneer until it looks rather thick. They then let it get cold, when, instead of sweet juice, there is nothing in the pot but a coarse kind of sugar-candy which can be refined into a beautiful sugar. The boys and girls go about the forest picking up the dry leaves and pieces of wood to bring to their mothers, to make and keep up the fire. I asked a group of them whether they boiled all the patthaneer into sugar, and one of them said that they boiled only what they did not want themselves; that they lived almost entirely upon it during the season; that it was very nutritious and very nice. They asked me to taste it. I thanked him, and accepted his offer; upon which he turned and picked up one of the large leaves of the palmyra, and quickly

twisted it up into a sort of drinking cup, into which he poured a plentiful supply of patthaneer, and gave it to me. I drank it, and found it very nice. It had not been fermented, and therefore was not injurious. It is sometimes allowed to ferment, and is then called "*toddy*," and is very intoxicating; and the *toddy* is sometimes distilled, when it forms a strong spirit called "*arrack*." I am happy to say that the people who cultivate these trees very seldom drink it fermented or distilled. I am afraid, however, that they sometimes prepare it for other people to drink. I asked them whether they consumed all the sugar themselves, and they said that they produced much more than they could use, and sold the rest to the sugar merchants.

I observed that all the wood used in the building of their houses was palmyra wood; that the houses were all covered with palmyra leaves instead of thatch. The people used the leaves for writing upon instead of paper, scratching upon them with a large nail instead of a pen. One of them had collected together a large number of leaves, which he meant to carry away to thatch a house; he had no string to tie them together, so taking up one of the large leaves, he stripped off the tough rind, which is easily split up into strips, and is then as strong as rope; this done, he tied them together with it, and carried them away. With this strong rind they make several kinds of baskets, some of which are very pretty indeed. In one part of the forest I saw a great many young palmyra-trees planted so very closely together that they could never grow up to be large trees, and I asked them why they planted them so thickly. One of them informed me that they did not intend them to grow up high, but that the young root was very tender

and good, and these were planted to be dug up and eaten. One young man, who knew a little English, and was rather proud to show it, came forward, and informed me that they were not meant for "palmyra-trees," but for "palmyra potatoes;" and that whenever they cut down an old palmyra-tree, to use the wood in building or for other purposes, they always found a "palmyra cabbage" in the top of it, which was very good boiled, and still nicer pickled. He referred to a tender part enclosed by the trunk at its upper end, which is a sort of root to the tuft, and is indeed very nice, especially pickled.

Now, although this tree supplies the native inhabitants of that country with almost all the necessities of life, and even with some of its luxuries, it grows in the dry sand, where no rain falls for many months in succession, and where other vegetation generally is burnt up by a fiery sun. Unlike the cedar of Lebanon in almost every other respect, it resembles it in this, that each of them flourishes where almost every thing else perishes. Each contains a principle of life within itself which renders it comparatively independent of circumstances, and thus illustrates the blessedness of the righteous. The palm-tree will not flourish on the cold snowy mountain, and the cedar of Lebanon will not grow on the burning sultry plains, and therefore God has been pleased to combine the two, to show how completely happy his people are. They are independent of outward circumstances. They contain within themselves a vital principle of divine grace, which neither the chilling blast nor the arid drought can exhaust. Their life is hid with Christ in God, and they shall never perish, but flourish like the palm-tree, and grow like the cedar in Lebanon.



DEVIL WORSHIP.

OUR illustration represents an "*elegbara*," or devil priest, of the Yoruba country, Western Africa, meeting a native to whom he is exhibiting his "*orisha*," or

idol, composed of a collection of various articles strung together, comprising carved sticks, figures, coury-shells, beans, small calabashes, &c. This odd collection the priest jingles and shakes for the purpose of getting some offering from the poor negro, who thinks, by his offering, to appease the anger of evil spirits, or else to obtain some blessing. These priests are constantly going about with their "orishas," in the public places, markets, and at the town gates, where caravans of traders and travellers are going and returning. They are set apart for this office by various ceremonies, which cost a considerable sum of money: both males and females enter into it, but they are not excluded from other kinds of employment when the priestly office becomes unprofitable.

There are extensive public services connected with devil-worship, when the priests and worshippers are excited into a state of frenzy, exhibiting feats of strength, lacerations of the body, with hideous noises, grimaces, and dresses, terrible to behold.

At times, human sacrifices are used in connexion with this horrible demon-worship, and the celebrations take place generally at night, illustrating the Scripture—"They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Such are the fearful abominations and practices of the heathen, corresponding to what St. Paul said of them in his day—"But I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." (1 Cor. x. 20.) The poor Africans, about whom

we now write, are, in deed and in truth, under the power of the devil, the prince of this world, and they know not that precious Saviour who "was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) It is, however, delightful to know that many of these blind idolaters have found out the worthlessness of their idolatry, and have cast their idols to the moles and bats, and have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. G. T.

NEW ZEALAND.

OUR readers will read with interest the following letter, addressed by the Rev. R. Taylor to the Rev. H. Venn. It shows that some of the natives remain loyal to the Queen, and what sort of men they are. It should be read in connexion with the paper on New Zealand in our last Number.

"Wanganui, New Zealand, March 8, 1865.

"Many events have taken place in our remote spot during the last month, of which I must endeavour to give you an outline. The military force here has been greatly increased: we have now fully 4000 men under General Cameron, who has advanced about thirty-six miles along the coast to the north of Wanganui; but he has left all the pas in his rear, the defenders of which, finding no attempt has been made upon them, have been constantly prowling along our outskirts to plunder or cut off any of the settlers they might meet with. Our friendly natives, in number about 400, have been stationed up the river to defend the approach by it to

the town. They have again been attacked. My poor friend, John Williams, was in command on our side: he likewise occupied the most advanced post. A small party of four laid in ambush to cut him off, but they were captured themselves; and, after being well treated, were allowed to return the following morning. John Williams said the first shot should be fired by the enemy. Another party of ten were captured the next night in the vicinity of the post: they likewise were allowed to return; and then, instead of this kind action being reciprocated, an attack was made, and several of the enemy were killed. John then advanced his post still nearer, and got between the natives and their pa: he there received a shot in the breast whilst bravely leading on his men: this was on the 23rd of February. He was brought down to Putiki. I was called about three A.M., and I took him over to the colonial hospital, where he died on the following morning, and on the 27th he was buried. Nearly all the authorities, military as well as civil, followed him to the grave, and the British ensign formed his pall. Colonel Logan, the officer in command, took a grand flag, which was to be presented to the natives by the ladies of Wanganui, and laid it on his coffin: it was then borne before it in procession to the church. At the grave a party of the militia fired three volleys. John Williams was indeed a Christian warrior. He did not forget his dependence on God. When he went up to the river he wrote to me, stating that he had established prayer-meetings in every place to supplicate the Divine blessing on their arms, and he wished us to do the same. He also wrote to Abraham, my head-teacher, and to the women, to pray for their husbands and relatives; and all attend to his request daily, morning and evening, with the

greatest regularity. In the removal of John Williams the native community has experienced a great loss: he has always been the friend of the European, and the directing mind of the Maori, and I fear there is no one capable of supplying his place. One proof of the esteem he was held in by the Europeans was given at his funeral by some of the settlers relieving the bearers of his coffin, and carrying it up the steep ascent to the cemetery on their shoulders. When John was shot he made Hakaraia acquainted with all his plans and intentions, and by carrying them out the enemy was repulsed and the pa taken. Indeed, it has surprised our countrymen that, in so short a time, and with so small a force, he should have accomplished what General Cameron had not yet done, though commanding as many thousands as John did hundreds. But John put his trust in the God of battles, and kept His commandments. The Governor has arrived, and he seems to be much concerned at John's death, and has promised to educate his two sons. John's last wish was that his eldest boy should have gone to the Church Missionary Society in the same ship in which my son-in-law, Lieutenant Medley, sailed; but, being up the river at the time, his wishes could not be carried out. I trust we shall now have peace up the Wanganui; and if the General is equally successful we shall have great cause for thankfulness. Our great comfort is in knowing 'that the Lord reigneth.'

"I send a copy of poor John's last letter, written two days before his fatal wound was received—

" 'Hiruhaema, Feb. 20, 1865.

" 'Respected Mr. Taylor,—Health to you all and all your children, to Mr. Basil and Abraham. Respected

Sir, your letter has reached us; your word is good, very good, to all our hearts. Strive constantly in prayer to God for us, that He may preserve us from the deceitful and hostile men who are striving to destroy and cast down the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Do you strive day and night. And we too have urged the teachers of every pa to pray to God that He may go on in the midst of us; that His enemies may fall before His presence by His mighty arm; and that the fiery breath of His nostrils may consume them. This is all.

“From your loving Son,

“JOHN WILLIAMS, Nipango.”

If the Gospel had only produced one such man as John Williams (and there are many as good, as brave, and as loyal), surely all would confess it had not been preached in New Zealand in vain.

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I send you herewith a legacy. It was left by a little boy of our Sabbath school. On the last Sabbath of his life, when he was suffering greatly, he said to his mother—“It is the happiest day I ever spent; and why should I not be happy, for God has given me a new heart?” In the evening, when death had already closed his eyes, and he was unable to see, he called one of his little playmates, and said, “Do you know, M——, that I am blind? I can’t see any thing, but I have the light of God in my heart, which is far better, and that will never go out. I expect to be soon where I shall not need these eyes.” A few days before he died, he called his father, and said, “You know I have a little money. I want to tell you

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A TRACT

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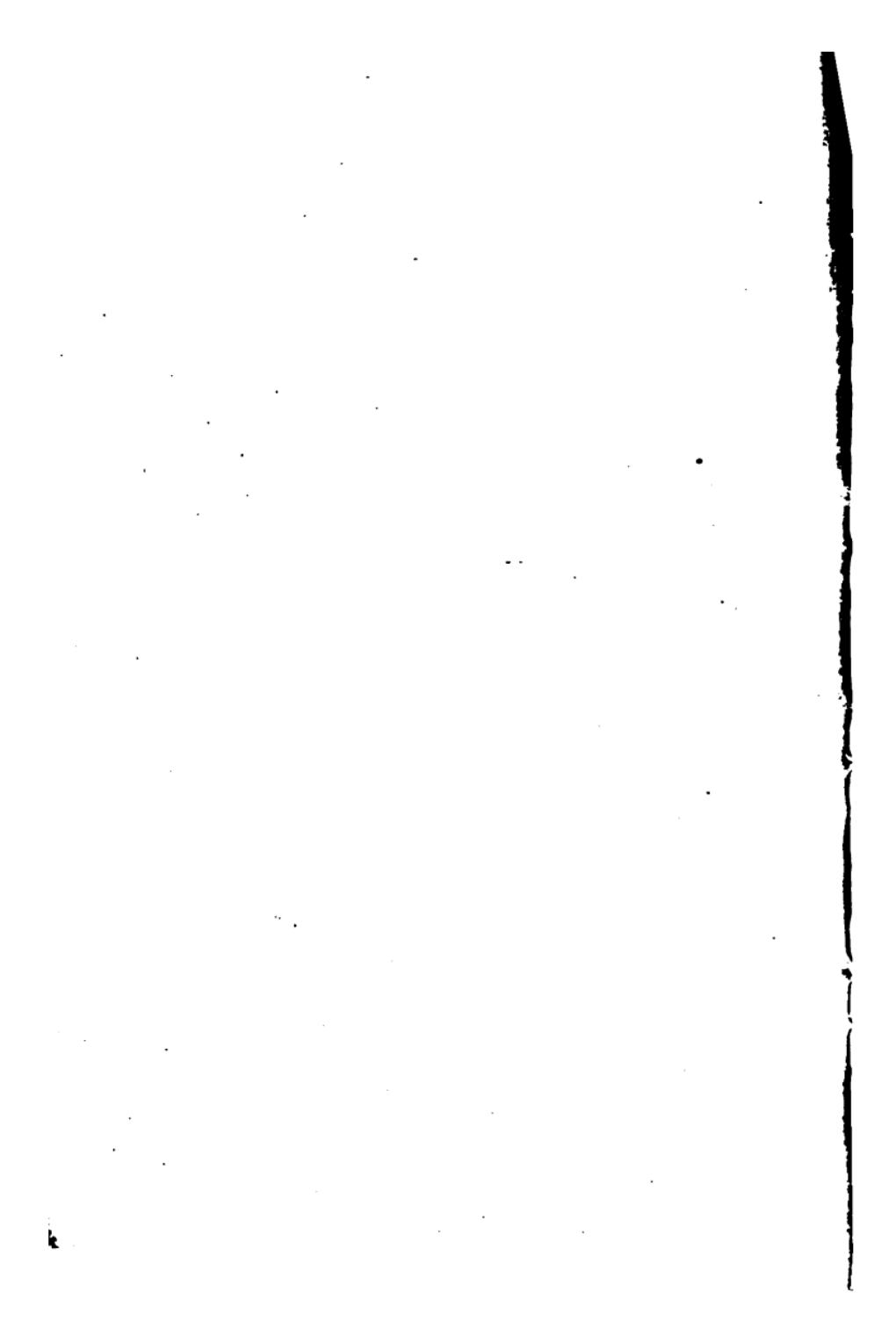
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SEPT., 1865.

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SEPTEMBER.

K



MISSIONARY TRAVELLING (See page 134.)

THE AFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

No. I.

IN the summer of 1859 a Missionary was returning alone, and somewhat discouraged, from preaching in the bazaars at Peshawur, when he was addressed by a young Affghan police-soldier, named Fazl Huq. He came to inquire about the Christian religion. The New Testament was placed in his hands, and, after a few months, he was baptized. Leaving the police, he enlisted in the corps of Guides. There was already in that regiment one native Christian soldier, Dildwur Khan, who, for his bravery, had been promoted to the high rank of subadar, a man of great talents, and who had been very successful in convincing his countrymen of the truths of Christianity. The two walked together as friends. His friend's protection enabled Fazl Huq to remain in the regiment, in spite of the hatred and persecution of his fellow-soldiers, who were for the most part Mohammedans; but under a new colonel and fresh officers the enmity appeared so strong, that this spring he took his discharge. During his service in the corps of Guides he had never shrunk from testifying, both to small and great, the Gospel of the grace of God.

It was now that a strong desire took possession of his soul to visit Kafiristan. There were some Kafirs in the corps of Guides. Fazl Huq had had much intercourse with them, and had taught some of them to read the Pushtoo Gospel, and had spoken to them of

Jesus. Two had returned to their mountain home, and from thence had sent a message, bidding him to come to them. After much thought and prayer, he determined to undertake a mission to them. He knew the difficulties of the undertaking : to be a Christian he knew was worthy of death. A Christian convert, named Nurullah, agreed to accompany them, and, provided with medicines, and some little presents for the people, with the word of God in their hands and the grace of God in their hearts, they set out.

Kafiristan is a large mountainous country, north of Sughman. It is bounded on all sides with hills, so high as to be almost inaccessible. Between the Kafirs and the Mohammedans who surround them there is perpetual war. The people are wild and barbarous in the extreme.

On the 8th of September the two Affghans left Peshawur. They were obliged to go as simple travellers, for they had to pass through a country where travelling is dangerous at any time, and where it is ordinarily death to be known to be a Christian. They could only travel, therefore, as other Affghans did ; but when once arrived at Kafiristan, they hoped to appear in their proper character as Christian Missionaries.

When on the point of setting out, the leader of a caravan, who had engaged to conduct them some way, discovered they were Christians, and refused to have any thing to do with them. They were compelled, accordingly, to strike out a road for them-

selves, one not much frequented by natives, and altogether unknown to Europeans. At the first village they reached they were recognised and abused as Christians, but, being still on English territory, no violence was offered them.

On the day they left English territory they had hardly proceeded two miles when two men met them, one of whom Nurullah knew as having been a pupil in the Mission school at Peshawur. To avoid detection, they turned into the rice-fields, and waded, ankle deep in water, to the Swat river. This they crossed with difficulty, by the assistance of a native, who helped them, and cheered their hearts, "for the love of God." After a march of twelve hours they reached Bar-Badwar, and found shelter. From thence, with two hired men as a guard, they marched to Walai, having crossed the Nalagi river in a cradle drawn over the torrent by means of a rope bridge. Here, being much fatigued, they fell asleep under a tree, but were soon awoke by a native, who had been in Peshawur, and who recognised them as Christians. He threatened to expose them. They pacified him with a present, and, finding he was ill, they gave him medicine that relieved him, and he then took them to his uncle's house, and gave them food.

The next march was to Mean Killai. Here they were received kindly, but for some time could procure no guards for their further journey, and the road was very dangerous. At last seven men conducted them safely to Badan. Here no one would

give them either shelter or food. Their money was refused, and they sat by the way-side hungry and wearied. At last they heard a man say his wife was ill. They asked what her sickness was, and sent her medicine by her husband, praying earnestly it might be blessed to her recovery. The woman's pain abated, and the grateful husband brought loaves and beds, and hospitably entertained them. The next day they reached Ghakhai. From thence, in their journey to Puohit, they met with many difficulties. At a village called Koonur, where they were refused any thing to eat, their medicine again came to their aid, and the man they relieved brought them out both bread and cheese. They here bound five skins together, and, thus forming a raft, floated down the river to Tangai. Here they had a narrow escape of being discovered by some who had known them in Peshawur, but God concealed them, enabling them to avoid their notice, and thus one-half of their difficult journey was accomplished.

We propose to continue our account of this Mission next month.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. VIII.

Prov. ii. 4.—“Hid treasures.”

VERY few people in England would be foolish enough to think of hiding their money or jewels, or other val-

able things, under the ground. People in this country, who have money, know better what to do with it. But in some other countries, especially in the East, where the neighbouring kings are always at war against one another, the case is very different. The Government may be changed two or three times in a year, and of course nothing is secure.

A native gentleman was complaining to me one day about the rapacity, as he said, of the English Government, declaring that the poor people had never been so heavily taxed before by any of the native Rajahs. I asked him whether he thought that they were better off, upon the whole, under the native Rajahs, than under the British Government. With an evident shudder at the very thought, he answered substantially as follows—

“No. At that time no one could call any thing that he had his own. Some enemy or other was perpetually coming upon us, and as soon as the report was spread the poor ran away, and the rich hid their treasures in the best way they could. It was no use to hide them in the house, because if that were at all suspected, the enemy would pull the house down, and dig up the foundation, which they could easily do, as the houses were almost all very small, and built only of sun-burnt bricks. And when the enemy was gone again, it was with very great anxiety that the rich people, who had succeeded in hiding their treasures, went out into the fields to search for their goods, and often ascertained that they had been found by the enemy, or stolen by thieves who had secretly watched them to their hiding-place. When a rich man had been killed by the enemy, and, after the war, a report had spread that he had buried his riches in a certain land, all the people who believed it would

go there with pickaxes and spades, and dig up every inch of the ground where they supposed the treasure to be."

And I have no doubt they would. Judea was often in much such a state as this. The kingdoms of Judea and Israel fighting against one another, and the Philistines against both, and the Syrians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, from time to time, devastating the whole country. This state of things probably led to those allusions to "Hid treasures" which we find in the Bible. What a terrible judgment and calamity war is! How thankful we ought to be for the blessings of peace. Picture to yourselves the anxiety with which the people would go to search for the hid treasures; a rich man, perhaps, going to seek his own, knowing that if he did not find it he would be reduced to poverty; or a poor man to find what had belonged to another, but by which, if he should find it, he would suddenly be made rich. How they would search for the marks of the place! How they would dig when they found the longed-for spot!

Now it is reported that there is a treasure hidden in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that if we search for it with an earnestness like that of men seeking for hid treasure, it will make us rich indeed. This report is true. Believe it, my dear young readers, and then you will search for it. Seek it, and you shall find. Tell others at home and abroad about this treasure in heaven that faileth not, and if they seek and find it, that will be no loss to you, but one of the sweetest pleasures that you can possibly enjoy. To relieve the distress of a poor man for a time is pleasant, but much more to make him so rich that he will never want again.

NIGER MISSION.

THE Niger Mission, our readers are aware, is now under the care of Bishop Samuel Crowther. The Niger Mission was undertaken in the year 1857. Two native clergymen and five native teachers from Sierra Leone, were then enabled to establish themselves at Onitsha, at Gbegbe, and at Rabba. The Mission at Rabba, has since been relinquished. In 1861, Akassa was occupied, and the bishop has arranged to commence a Mission at Idda.

ONITSHA.

The Rev. J. C. Taylor, the native Missionary, gives a lamentable account of the state of heathen Onitsha. Mr. Taylor writes—

I have seen canoes from the upper part of the river brought down to Onitsha with slaves of both sexes. Since my return to my station, oftentimes my heart has ached to see a canoe-load of human beings down at the landing-place. The wealthy purchase them, and keep them either for their own funeral rites, or for those of their relatives. One morning a member of my church came up to me with tears in her eyes, telling me that a chief was trying to purchase two little girls from a canoe which had just landed here, to offer as sacrifice to his deceased son. She earnestly begged me to rescue them. I sent the woman to fetch the girls to me. When she reached the mart the chief had purchased one of them, and was bargaining for the other. She paid her price, and brought her to me. Oh what a sight to behold ! She was shivering with cold, in perfect nudity, and emaciated through hunger. She was about seven years of age. Her price was 62,400



cowries, equal to *3l. 18s.* She is now placed in school under the fostering care of the "Coral Fund," and has been baptized by the name of Amelia Westcott. The other was sacrificed at the grave.

Another painful thing is the cold-blooded murder of infants. The child snatched from the side of its

mother when asleep, *is pounded in a mortar to provide charms*, and enable the perpetrator to become a great medicine-man!

Thus is Africa still a dark land, and full of cruelty. Mr. Taylor has, however, much to tell us that it is delightful to hear. We will now lay before our readers some cheering tokens for good. Under date of December 24, (the day before Christmas-day,) 1864, Mr. Taylor writes—

Gave the schoolchildren their Christmas holiday, and distributed clothing, which I had received from Christian friends in England and Sierra Leone. Could the friends of Missions have seen how they prized their valuable presents, they would double their efforts.

Dec. 29—To-day the teachers, with the schoolchildren, as well as myself, went round the town. The children carried banners of every description, and sang suitable songs. This going round has done immense good. I may add one interesting act of a royal child, who is one of our children. His grandfather, the king, called out the name of his grandson, "Odita." He came out of his rank and stood before him. His father, the prince, ordered him to go upon his knees and bow his head to the ground. He stood upright and bent his head. The king was surprised beyond measure, as well as the prince. Odita may have thought within himself, "I never fall on my knees in the compound, excepting at prayers." He stripped off the ivory manillas from his hands, and handed them over to his father, bowed his head, and joined his rank again. The king, as well as some of the chiefs and elders of the church, gave the children presents in cowries amounting to 5460 (7s. 4d in English money). Six years ago I hoped one

day to hear the children on the banks of the Niger sing 'God save the Queen.' My hope has been fulfilled to-day."

(To be continued.)

NEW ZEALAND.

THE intelligence we have to communicate from New Zealand is of a very painful nature. A sect has arisen among the people, during the late troublous times, called the "Pai Marire." They are the scourge of the land, and give themselves, without restraint, to all abominations and cruelties. They pretend to work miracles and speak unknown tongues. The sect originated in Taranaki, the scene of the fatal mistake five years ago, when the English Government, as it has since confessed, wronged the natives, and brought to pass the present unhappy war. No leading men have joined this party, and the rabble that compose it seem altogether given over to work evil.

The Rev. C. S. Volkner, one of our Missionaries, had been absent from his station, Opotiki, on a visit to Auckland, where he had left his wife. On his return, he found the Mission station and the country around in the hands of these dreadful men. He was seized, and charged with being a spy of the English Government, and barbarously hung upon a tree. His head was afterwards cut off and preserved, according to an ancient savage custom in New Zealand; a few tasted his blood; and the body was thrown aside, and subjected to much indignity.

It is with grief and sorrow we record this lamentable event. Let no one, however, credit the assertion, that none are Christians in New Zealand because a few are so very bad. The men who murdered poor Mr. Volkner

were strangers from another part of the island. They believe they have been ill-treated by the English; and who will say they have not? They are intent on driving the English out of the island. They murdered Mr. Volkner because they thought he was a spy. The man who put the rope round his neck is the son of a chief who had been shot in cold blood by the British troops, or their allies, and the family, according to ancient custom, had vowed to have "payment" in blood for blood.

We exhort our readers to pray to God to restrain these godless and bloody men. We rejoice to know that they have already received a check, and that the natives about Opotiki disown them, and lament the innocent blood that has stained their land.

The Bishop of Waiapu has thought it well to quit Turanga. This step appears to have a good effect. The natives feel ashamed that the Bishop should have to leave, and are apparently more intent on withstanding the fanaticism of these evil men.

• "Our Help is in the name of the Lord."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR COOLIES IN THE ISLAND OF THE MAURITIUS.

OUR readers will remember the appeal Mrs. Hobbs, the wife of the Rev. S. Hobbs, one of our Missionaries in the Mauritius, made on behalf of the children of the poor coolies in the "Green Book" for December 1864. We append some extracts from a letter lately received from her—

You will perhaps have seen in the papers an account of the cyclone which visited our island in February. We had heavy rain during the Sunday, and on the

evening of that day the water suddenly rose in Port Louis to the height, in many places, of twenty feet. Never before was such a thing known. It was occasioned by torrents of rain, causing a rushing of water from the mountain heights, and coming in contact with the sea at spring tide. Many houses were washed away, and many lives lost. Wherever you travel in our beautiful island you see something of the damages done by this terrible storm. The poor people on our mountains had their gardens completely destroyed. Bad weather succeeded to this inundation, and now the gardeners are attempting to cultivate once more, and the help of the children is indispensable. This is almost over, and we hope to have our number complete again. To-day is the principal day of the great "Yamsay," a Mohammedan festival. This was, I believe, originally a day of mourning for one of their great men, who was killed in battle, but here it partakes not a little of the ridiculous. They carry about a shrine, previously made with great care and considerable expense, in which they place the figure of a hand—effigy of that of Mohammed, when he bestowed his last blessing. This, together with any thing—a leaf, stone, or any rubbish which an appointed person finds on diving into a stream of water—is the object of worship for the time being ; after which, shrine and all are broken up and thrown into the river !

It makes me very sad when I think that many of the children and people, to whom we have taught better things, continue to practise these sad superstitions. Many, I believe, would forsake them but for fear of loss and persecution. There is a kind of agreement amongst them that they will not forsake their idols ; and it is not until the Holy Spirit has

placed in the heart that fear of God which triumphs over the fear of man, that isolated individuals will dare to break this agreement. Let us, then, give the Lord "no rest" until, in answer to our prayers, the Spirit be poured out abundantly.

And now let us turn to the boarders. This little school is as a glimmering light in the midst of thick darkness, and its light is increasing, I am happy to say. The examination last month was exceedingly satisfactory: the children, without exception, answered well. I cannot yet say I have any evidence of a change of heart in any of these little ones; nor have I, I am thankful to say, so frequent painful evidence of a contrary kind. I am much less often grieved than formerly by discoveries of untruthfulness, pilfering, &c. I am told, too, that some of the boys (all of whom would once neglect their prayers if they could) are sometimes overheard very early in the morning, praying, in their own words, for their friends and teachers, and for a blessing on their lessons, &c.

Since I last wrote I have been induced to take two more boys, aged eight and ten years. I have long known their mother. She has been for many years a widow. She brought her children to me. She is conscious that she has no control over her children: few Indians have. They were at first unmanageable enough, but a little firmness brought them to order, and they are now well-behaved, nice boys. Their mother has been twice to see them, and is delighted with their improvement. On her last visit she said, "I am so thankful you have taken my children, and hope you will keep them." "Pray," I said, "that I may be enabled to do so."

And now, dear friends, I must ask you to help this Indian mother to carry out her desire to train her chil-

dren in the knowledge of God. 7*l.* 10*s.* for each seems a large sum, but I do trust it will be raised by the joint efforts of some active labourers for Christ's sake.

I read, with perhaps more than usual thankfulness, the good news that our annual box was very soon to leave England. The difficulties of the last year have been increased by the cyclone. Provisions have been raised, and, as to cotton goods, they are scarcely to be had at any price; indeed, I do not know how my poor children would have been clothed but for your kind gifts of prints, &c.

A box is annually sent to Mrs. Hobbs, by Miss Kent, Sussex Road, Southsea.

THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

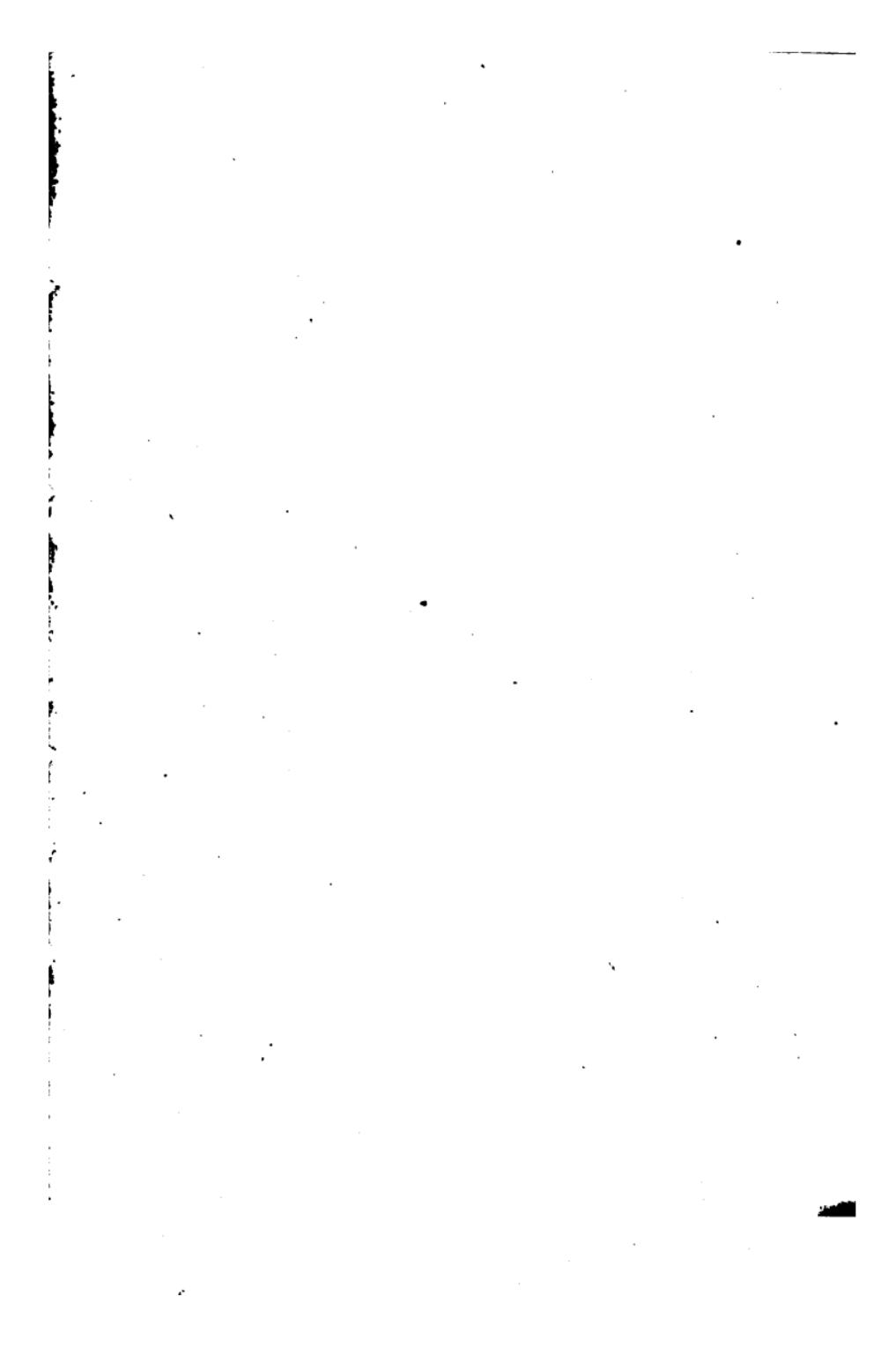
OH ! where are those mansions of light,
That country so happy and fair ;
That land where the days are all bright,
Unsullied by sorrow and care ?

Far, far from this valley of tears,
The Saviour has gone to prepare
Those mansions ; and when He appears,
His people shall dwell with Him there.

And shall we not strive to proclaim
Our Saviour, the Life and the Way,
The only true Light, and the Name
That leads to those dwellings of day ?

Lord Jesus, the spirit impart
To live and to labour for Thee ;
Oh, mightily work in each heart,
Till all Thy own people are free !

ANON.



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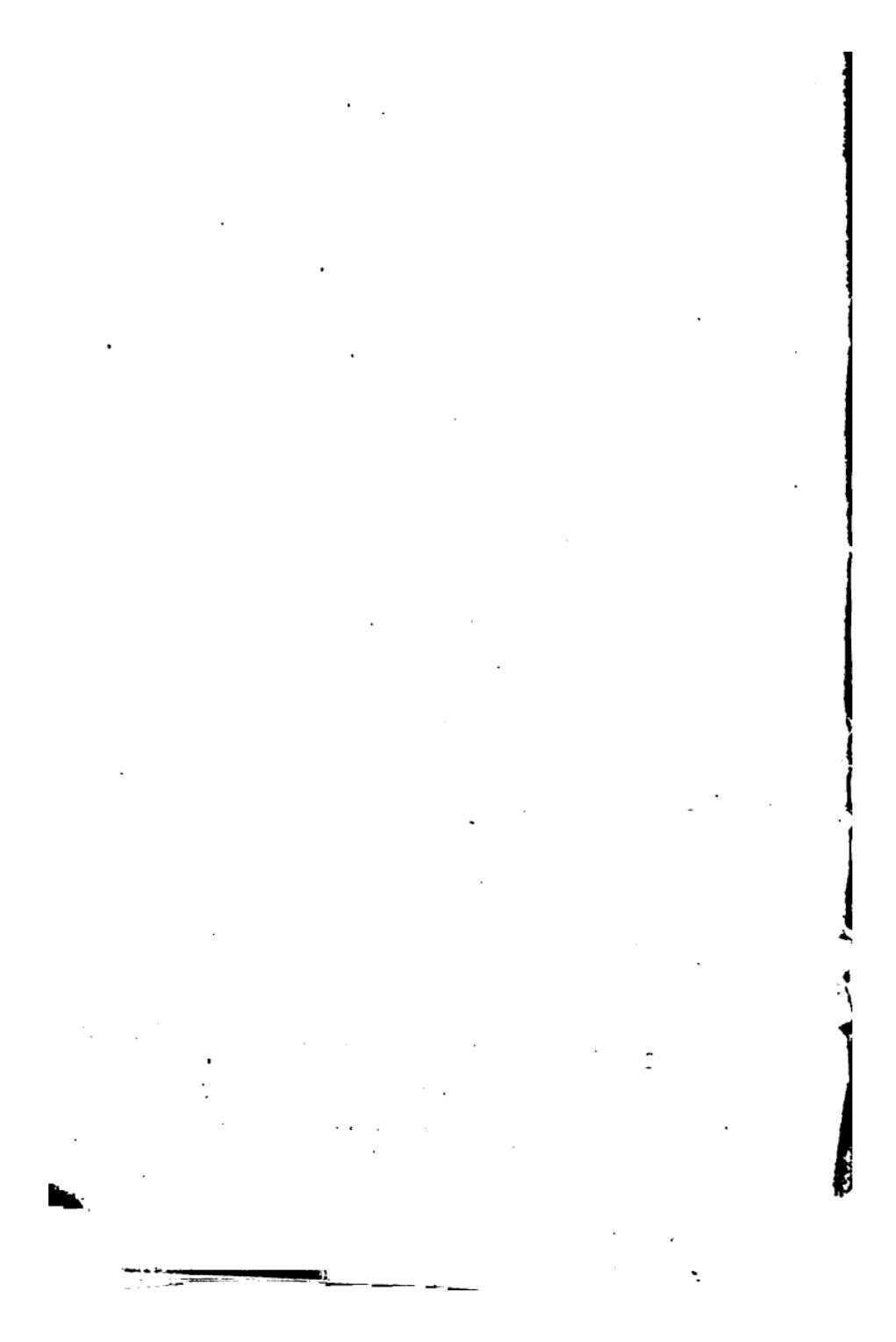
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OCTOBER, 1865.

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OCTOBER.

L



REPAIRING A PLOUGHSHARE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

NORTH-AMERICA MISSION.

DEVON OR CUMBERLAND STATION.

THE native minister, the Rev. J. A. Mackay, is in charge of this station. It can hardly be regarded as a Mission station, but as a little Christian flock gathered together in the wilderness. The few wanderers from the very thinly-populated heathen districts afford the only opportunity of direct Missionary work.

Mr. Mackay writes—

Jan. 4—As another year has closed, the time has arrived for laying before your Committee some review of the state and progress of this Mission. Six months have now passed since my appointment to this post. During that time I can report very little progress among the heathen around, as my time has been almost wholly taken up with the duties of my charge. Of these the same may be said as of Christians elsewhere: the tares are mingled with the wheat, but at the same time it must be acknowledged that they are free from much of the superstition which still clings to many of those who have passed a great part of their lives in heathenism. As a body, our people are regular in the use of the means of grace set before them. I believe that there are very few families in which family prayers are not regularly conducted, and the Sunday services are well attended. The chief cause of discouragement is the tendency to drunkenness. This vice has been promoted by the fur-traders, who distribute their rum and whisky, in order that they may the more easily secure the produce of the poor Indians' hunting. However, I am thankful to state that, except

in very few instances, there has been no drunkenness among the Christian Indians for the last six months.

In regard to temporal matters our people are suffering a good deal from scarcity of food. The fishing and hunting resources of the place are becoming poorer and poorer every year. The present winter bids fair to be one of uncommon scarcity. Many of the people have already left the station to seek subsistence where fish and game are more plentiful. Others are preparing to move also. I fear that the greater part of my congregation will be dispersed for the winter, and the school will be also greatly diminished.

Since taking charge of this station, I have administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice, viz. in September, when many of the people leave for their hunting-grounds, and on the Sunday after Christmas-day. The number present on the former occasion was seventy-nine, and on the latter, eighty-three.

A Missionary in such a place has often to turn his hand to all kinds of work. We read in Mr. Mackay's journal—

To-day I commenced ploughing a field for next year's farming, but found it rather a difficult business, our stock of draught animals being limited to one ox. I also discovered that the plough-irons were too much worn to penetrate the tough surface of the soil. Not to be hindered, however, with the assistance of the schoolmaster I extemporized a forge by building a fire and placing a large stone at a convenient distance to serve as an anvil, and thus succeeded in beating out the ploughshare to a serviceable state.

No blacksmith at hand, so the Missionary has to make his own forge and become his own smith. In

this cold land, you may be sure, warm clothing is much prized. We read—

The cold weather having fairly set in, I distributed to the old and needy among us the presents of clothing sent by kind friends in England. There are many poor around us, and more distress than one can effectually relieve; but it is a great privilege to be able to do something for our poor people. I felt deeply grateful to those kind Christian friends who remember us, although they know of us only as followers of a common Lord. May they be abundantly rewarded for the love which they bear to his name!

To-day, assisted by Mr. Macdonald, the schoolmaster, I distributed the gifts of clothing to the schoolchildren. The supply was rather limited, owing to our not having received the presents sent out this season, but, nevertheless, many little hearts were gladdened, and many ragged little forms comfortably protected from the severity of the cold.

Perhaps some of our readers assist at the working parties, and help to increase the joy and comfort of the little Red-Indian girls and boys. Mr. Mackay can tell of many of your brothers and sisters, in Rupert's Land, who, by God's grace, have learned to fear and love Him—who have put on the Lord Jesus Christ—and who love you in Jesus because of what you have done for them for His sake.

~~~~~

#### NIGER MISSION.

##### ONITSHA.

(Continued from p. 140.)

We continue this month to give our readers extracts from the journal of the Rev. J. C. Taylor.

On Christmas-day, which intervened between the day on which the prizes were distributed and the day of the school-treat and procession, to which we referred last month, Mr. Taylor writes—

Preached, from Matt. i. 18, to 200 natives present, to whom I unfolded the nature of the anniversary of our Saviour's nativity, and the blessings which followed from it. Whilst we rejoice in the return of this season throughout the Christian world, we cannot so fully share in it in heathen lands. To-day the funeral obsequies of Ede were kept with great pomp : the deafening sounds of musketry, and the audible tone of the tom-tom, eating and drinking, wild music and dancing, mingling with heathen revellings ; and, to cast a gloom upon the whole, a woman was killed by his surviving sons as a great honour to their deceased father, to be his servant in the future world. Having heard that they would sacrifice a human being, I took an early opportunity of giving his sons wholesome advice. They slighted my advice that they should sacrifice a bullock instead. At last arrived the fatal hour to offer the evening sacrifice of a human victim. One and another was conscience-stricken. The poor wretched creature being fast bound to the ground, the muzzle of the gun was placed on her chest, discharged with all its contents, and gave instantaneous death. Those who could not bear the sight hurried away from the atrocious deed. Thus one was hurried away from time to eternity. This is now the eighth victim within a brief period that has passed through seas of blood to eternity.

Such is paganism. Let us now see the working of another and a better spirit.

*Good for evil.*

Nov. 26—An awful fire broke out in the town. The house of one of the chiefs was burnt down: he saved nothing except his family, and the cloth he had on. Here was fresh opportunity afforded me to test my church members. Though this chief, with his companions, had insulted them, and persecuted them very severely, yet I proposed to them to assist him with a little help by subscription. Some of them at first objected to the proposal, on the ground that he has a desperate disposition against them. I set before them the duties which Christian principle enjoins upon each of us to melt our foes with love, and moreover to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Being overwhelmed with the subject, they at once contributed 6240 cowries (about 6s. 10d.), and I added to it one piece of white maddapolum and a head of leaf tobacco. Mr. Langley and three of the members took the things over to the temporary shed where he sheltered himself. He was astonished beyond measure at this unlooked-for assistance from the people whom he had determined to crush. The bearers returned, and brought the following exclamation from his own lips—"Surely you have more sense than I, more love than any of us who are rulers of the land. May God bless you more and more, you and your children!" Thus was silenced the infuriated temper of one in authority. What a merciful God we have to deal with! "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath will He restrain."

What follows proves how real is the Christianity of the converts at Onitsha.

*Trials of converts.*

Another fresh trial arose to test the faith of one of the newly-baptized converts. Dinah Watorika was a pupil in our school, and, according to the custom of the country, was betrothed when young. Since her conversion she refused to be unlawfully united to her lover, as he is not a converted man. Her relatives and guardians treated her most brutally, and forcibly dragged her to her husband. She managed to run away at night, and got to the first convert's house to seek for shelter and protection. John Samuel Okosi, being grieved at this shocking conduct, housed her, as she is a relative of his. Dinah, as they mercilessly dragged her along, beating her with sticks and blunt cutlasses, affectingly addressed them! "Beat me: it is the body which suffers, and not the soul: Christ has the possession of my soul. I hope to have a better husband, and I have Him since the day of my baptism. I will submit myself even unto death for Christ's sake. Heaven will be my gain." She added yet more, "Lord, open their eyes: they are blind: open their eyes as the two blind men of old: have mercy upon them; they are like sheep. Make haste, Lord, to fulfil the same." Her poor mother, who is a candidate for baptism, was turned out on her daughter's account.

*Evidences of progress.*

*Lord's-day*—Blessed day! I baptized an infant son of my first convert. I have had occasion at different times to speak about this convert, because there is something very striking and praiseworthy in him. Let me freely speak of him. This was the very identical man who came to me seven years ago, and upbraided me for instructing his son, Anemebuna, the A. B, C,

and was so desperately mad against me. He stood before me tremblingly, with his spear in his hand, as if he would dart it at me. The only reply I could then give him was, "I am glad that the A, B, C has stuck fast in his head, for which I am thankful." It was he who laughed at me when I pointed out to him the folly of his idols, for which he had built a shed, and planted a grove. What a change has since taken place in him ! Now his very idols are in my possession ; his very son, Anemebuna, was baptized by the name of Jacob, and is a very quick youth, can read the English books and the native translations fluently, and in writing he is not a whit behind. To crown the whole, he is a communicant, and a decided Christian. I could not but raise my eyes with gratitude to God when the infant was presented to me at the communion-rails. I took him up in my arms, and baptized him by the name of Henry Venn Okosi. Truly, what hath God wrought ! He can "soften a tiger to a lamb, the vulture to a dove."



## THE AFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

### No. II.

FROM Tangai our Missionaries proceeded to Jelalabad, disguised as women. It was not safe for them to remain here long, and so, after one good dinner of meat, and melons, and grapes, they started once more. After experiencing marvellous deliverances, they reached Muli, a border town, where the Kafirs come to sell their walnuts and fruit to the Mohammedans. From hence they wrote to



Ghara, a Kafir sepoy, who had invited them to visit his people, and who was absent at a village some distance off.

They now saw the people face to face for whom they had endured all this danger and hardship.

How would they be received? They knew that death was the fate of every Affghan Mohammedan in Kafiristan, and they wore the dress of Affghans. One of them was in great alarm, but the other cheered him with words of faith and hope, and they were much comforted in prayer. They saw a woman with sore eyes. They gave her medicine, and she recovered. Immediately the whole village brought out their sick to be healed. Six men out of eleven were cured of fever with quinine, and the people became most friendly.

In three days Ghara arrived. He had run the whole way, fearing they would be killed. He received them kindly, begged them to go on to his village, and undertook to defend them with his life. The next morning they all departed on the road to Titani, which sometimes was as steep as stairs.

A fearful initiation into their work now lay before them. The next march was to Nikera. They here found twenty-eight armed Mussulmans, who had been invited by the Kafirs over from Mungoo. It was many years since a number of Kafirs had been slain in their village, and they thought the fact forgiven or forgotten, and believed themselves to be quite safe when they came armed, and in such numbers, to accept the Kafirs' hospitality. Their hosts feasted them bountifully, and, after removing all suspicion from their minds, persuaded them to leave their arms in the huts assigned to them. It was at this time that our travellers arrived. They brought a drum and pipes, and began to sing and

dance. Then suddenly each Kafir knife was unsheathed, and, with a loud whistle, four or five Kafirs rushed on each Mohammedan, stabbing him in every part. The whole was over in a moment, and all had sunk down dead. They then beheaded them, and threw them down into the rivulet below. Our travellers were speechless with horror, when Ghara again told them not to fear, for not one hair of them should be touched. They pointed to the dead bodies below, and gasped out that they, too, one short quarter of an hour before, had been the Kafirs' guests ! He told them the reason of such dreadful vengeance. The blood feud was still unremoved, and the Kafirs had never forgotten their own brethren murdered long before. He told them, however, never to leave him.

It is this killing men (and women too) which alone leads to high honours amongst the Kafirs. They have no king, and there are only two ranks of nobility amongst them ; the one that of the "Bahadur," and the other that of the Surunwali." Neither are attainable except by killing four men. When a man has killed his four men he must, to become a Bahadur, feed all comers for two days with two hundred goats, six oxen, and many hundred pounds weight of corn, and rice, and cheese, together with an enormous quantity of wine. To become afterwards a Surunwali, he must wait three years, during the whole of which time he has to give eighty feasts, at periods varying from a week to ten days from each other. The

smallest number of goats killed at any time is 20 ; but on the sixth feast they kill 150 ; and on the ninth a living goat is given to every comer, besides bread and cheese, and ghee and wine. On receiving his new dignity, a particular large drum, called "mundoo," which is never beaten except on very special occasions, is sounded, and there is much dancing of both men and women. He is no longer required then to kill any more people, unless he does so from choice. In order to show how many people they have killed, each man erects a high pole on the outskirts of his village, with a rude figure of a man on the top of it. For every man he kills he bores a hole in it, and knocks in a peg. If he kills a woman, he bores only a hole, without any peg.

In our illustration is seen one of these poles, with the rude figure of one of their idols near.

(*To be continued.*)

---

#### ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

##### No. IX.

*Isaiah xxxvii. 29.*—"I will put my *hook in thy nose*, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will *turn thee back*."

HORSES are generally very much afraid of elephants. I do not mean wild elephants only, but also the tame elephants. When a native is riding an elephant, and

sees a gentleman riding towards him on a horse, he generally turns his elephant a little out of the road, to avoid alarming the horse, and, as there are seldom any hedges, he can easily do so. As I was riding past an elephant one day, its rider politely endeavoured to turn it aside, but the animal was not disposed to go. The elephant, of course, had no bridle on. An elephant's mouth would be an awkward thing to fit a bridle to; indeed, I do not know that any attempt has ever been made to invent an elephant's bridle, but a much simpler contrivance answers well enough the purposes of bridle, whip, and spur. The driver held in his hand a large iron hook with a long handle. With this he struck the elephant, and made him move, and, as it seemed determined to go the wrong way, he quickly passed the hook round the elephant's trunk, and turned him whichever way he pleased. The elephant was soon out of the road, but the driver, in the excess of his politeness, turned it with its head towards me, and told the great creature to make a salaam; upon which it bent its knees to represent a sort of bow, turned its trunk back, so as to touch its forehead, and, uttering a loud noise, something between a roar and a deep groan, imitated the word "salaam" as well as an elephant's tongue could be expected to do. My horse had been prancing with fear for two minutes before that, with his ears pricked up and his eyes fixed on the elephant; and, on hearing that strange and unnatural noise it plunged over to the opposite side of the road, and galloped off as fast as I would let him. If I had not known what to expect, so as to be prepared for it, I might have been thrown from his back. Fond as I am of courtesy, I could willingly have dispensed with the elephant's salaam.

The "hook" which I have mentioned is large enough to pass easily round the elephant's trunk, which I suppose is the "nose" spoken of in the text at the head of this Number, and this hook is the instrument generally used to turn elephants with. In shape it resembles a very large boat-hook, with a pointed goad beyond the crook, and is now of precisely the same shape as that used in ancient times. The kings of Assyria probably had many horses and elephants in their army, and relied on them as the chief of their strength, which is aptly represented in the address to Sennacherib, under the complex figure of a horse and an elephant, showing, that however great and strong they and their armies were, God could turn them more easily than they could their own animals. That which He said He would do He did, as we know; and it was in answer to prayer. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and has the same power over the actions of men, and over their unruly wills and affections. We all acknowledge this when we pray that it may please Him to forgive *our* enemies, and to turn their hearts. How earnestly, then, should we pray that it may please Him to forgive His enemies, to turn their hearts, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins, and an inheritance amongst those who are sanctified by faith that is in Jesus! If a man who had enemies were to pray to God to forgive them and turn their hearts, whilst he did nothing to pacify or reconcile them, we should think him very inconsistent, and we could scarcely expect that his prayers would be answered. Seeing that God has committed to men "the ministry of reconciliation," it would be equally inconsistent in us

if, whilst we prayed to God for the salvation of the heathen, we did not go or send into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

---

### THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

WE may spread our couch with roses,  
 And sleep through the summer day,  
 But the soul that in sloth reposes  
 Is not in the narrow way.  
 If we follow the chart that is given  
 We never need be at a loss,  
 For the only way to heaven  
 Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendour  
 The cross is a heavy load,  
 And the feet that are soft and tender  
 Will shrink from the thorny road.  
 But the chains of the soul must be riven,  
 And wealth must be held as dross,  
 For the only way to heaven  
 Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow  
 The path we refuse to-day,  
 And still with our lukewarm sorrow  
 We shrink from the narrow way.  
 What heeded the chosen eleven  
 How the fortunes of life might toss,  
 As they followed their Master to heaven  
 By the royal way of the Cross?



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NOVEMBER.

M



NATIVES OF KAFIRISTAN,

THE AFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN  
KAFIRISTAN.

No. III.

THE heathen, the apostle writes, are “ swift to shed blood.” This text is brought to our recollection as we resume our narrative.

The following is one of their most common songs. A father, in the village of Shino, is supposed to have sold his son to the Mohammedans: when the boy was grown he kills fourteen Mussulman men, and effects his escape to his home, and the mother, in proud delight, sings as follows—

Well done, my lad, well hast thou fought;  
My old blood was drying up for grief for thee,  
When thy father sold my high-spirited boy.  
And thou hast killed fourteen men, and come home  
again,  
With the bells tinkling on thy feet!

At burials the custom is to bathe the corpse, and dress it in new or newly-washed clothes. The people stand around, weeping and dancing, and beating a small drum, and playing pipes. They then make a coffin, and one man lifts up the corpse on his shoulders, and another man the coffin, and they carry them both to some cave in the hills, where the corpse is put into the coffin, which is then closed, and left with great stones on it. If one of the same family dies within three years they open the coffin, and put the body in it. If it is more than three years they make a new coffin. No

ceremony is used, and nothing is spoken, only both men and women cry.

They believe there is only one God, but who, or what, or where He is, or with what He is pleased, they say they do not know. They have three idols, who they believe to be their intercessors with God. The one is of wood, roughly carved into the shape of a man, with silver eyes. It is called Pulispanu. (*See October Number, p. 154.*) Each Kafir brings a goat, and sacrifices it, sprinkling the blood over it. They then cook it, and either eat it there or take it to their houses. It is thought great disrespect to the idol for any woman to come near to it: they therefore bake bread and partake of the sacrifice at a distance from it. The other two idols are merely common stones. The one is called Adrakpanu, and the other Matikapanu.

Our readers will see in our engraving the likenesses of two of this people. The word "Kafir" signifies "unbeliever," a name given them by their Moslem neighbours, because they adhere to their ancient heathenism, and are not believers in Mohammed. They have European features and intelligent countenances. Their eyes are blue and dark, their eyebrows arched, and their foreheads broad and open. Both men and women are tall and well-made.

Few of the Kafirs cover the head, and, when they do so, it is with a narrow band or fillet made of goats'-hair of three different colours—red, black, and white—about a yard or a yard and a-half in length, wound round the head.

The females dress in loose drawers tight at the ankle, a long shirt or chemise, a *chadar* or veil, and a small skull-cap under which the hair is plaited.

Their ornaments consist of flat bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings, and rings on the fingers. Those of the rich are mostly of silver, and rarely of gold; whilst the ornaments of the poor are generally of brass and copper. The men wear rings in the ears and on the fingers only.

As winter approached our Missionaries deemed it advisable to return to Peshawur. They reached home on the 10th of November, after many narrow escapes and an absence of two months. They were the bearer of two letters, sent by Kafirs who had been in Peshawur to a Missionary and his wife. One writes—

“We were very much delighted when Fazl Huq and Nurullah arrived; but we had hoped that you would yourself have come with them. We were made very happy by the stay they made with us; but when snow began to fall we sent them away for fear that they would be troubled with the cold. But if the winter had not been approaching, we would not willingly have let them go. But they have promised to return next summer to us, and tell us much more about Christ's religion. Be kind to us, therefore, and send them again next summer, and as long as we live there shall be no danger of their death in Kafiristan; and we will attend to all their wants, so that they may be comfortable; and we will do any thing for you, too, that we can.”

Another writes—

“We are well, and we arrived safely back to our own country, and we often pray for you and the children. It was a great kindness in you to think of us, and to send us men to teach us about religion. It will be another kindness if you will send them back again ; and as long as we live there shall be no fear of their death. We will be attentive to all their wants ; and we would be very happy to be able to do any thing for you.”

Surely the fields are “white unto the harvest.” May God hear us, and send forth labourers into his harvest !

We shall not fail to refer to these interesting people again.

---

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. X.

*Jerem.* xlvi. 43, 44.—“Fear, and the pit, and the snare . . . He that fleeth from the fear shall fall into the pit ; and he that getteth up out of the pit shall be taken in the snare.”

Two methods of capturing wild elephants have been in use from the most remote antiquity, namely, the pit and the snare. In the first of these methods, a deep hole is dug in the known track of the elephant, or in some place to which he may be decoyed or driven, and so lightly covered as to break when he is passing over it, and thus to let him through. With an animal so sagacious, it is necessary to be very careful in laying the turf

over the covered pit, so as to make it appear just as it did before the pit was dug. The natives are very clever in doing this, as a dear friend of mine can testify, by a singular experience. He was walking, with two or three companions, through a jungle infested with elephants, and suddenly his companions missed him; indeed, they saw him sink into the ground, and found that he had been unconsciously walking over a pit which had been dug to catch an elephant, and had fallen through. With some difficulty his friends succeeded in helping him out again, and he was not hurt. It is sometimes intended to kill the elephant, in which case a pointed stake is fixed in the pit, which pierces the poor creature by his own weight in his fall, and puts him to death in a very painful and cruel manner. Through the good providence of God, this had not been done in the pit into which my friend fell. The imitation of the natural ground must, however, have been very complete, to have deceived eyes as sharp as his. But it is only when the wild elephant is troublesome, in destroying the crops, that the natives wish to kill him, for he is far too valuable an animal to be wantonly destroyed. The natives usually wish to take him alive, and the pit is not a good method of doing this, for, if not deep enough, he can get out, and if so deep as to prevent his escape, he is liable, from his great weight, to hurt himself in his fall, so as to be useless afterwards.

The method in most general use for taking them alive is the snare. By this method whole herds of elephants are frequently caught at once. A very large piece of ground in the forest is enclosed, trees and all, by fixing large stakes in the ground, and binding them strongly together, and placing other stakes as props or buttresses. This process, when done on a large scale,

sometimes occupies thousands of people for months, and, when all is ready, the elephants are driven in. But it is not an easy thing to drive them in : it sometimes occupies several months to do so. They are driven in by fear, which is produced by fire and *noise*, but chiefly by the latter.

In Isaiah xxiv. 17, 18, the *noise* of the fear is particularly mentioned ; and a frightful clatter it is that the hunters make, with drums, shoutings, and every practicable method of producing a dreadful din, and distracting tumult and uproar. Indeed, the success of the scheme is attributable entirely to the distraction produced by the noise of the fear. If the elephants could exercise their ordinary sagacity and strength, they could easily break down the fences, and escape ; but they are paralyzed and stupified by the noise, and, escaping from an imaginary danger, run into a real one, and are taken. How aptly, then, does this emblem represent the state of men who have forsaken God, until they have provoked him to forsake them. However sagacious and however strong, their shrewdness and strength will not help them, if God has left them to themselves. The same emblem may represent, to some extent, the present state of the heathen. They are afraid of their false gods, flee from an imaginary evil, and, falling into the snare of the devil, are taken captive by him at his will. But there is this difference, that God has not left them to perish. He calls upon us to send the Gospel to them, by which they may be delivered from vain fear, from the snare of the devil, and from the bottomless pit. Whose fault will it be if they perish for lack of knowledge ? At whose hands will God require their blood ?

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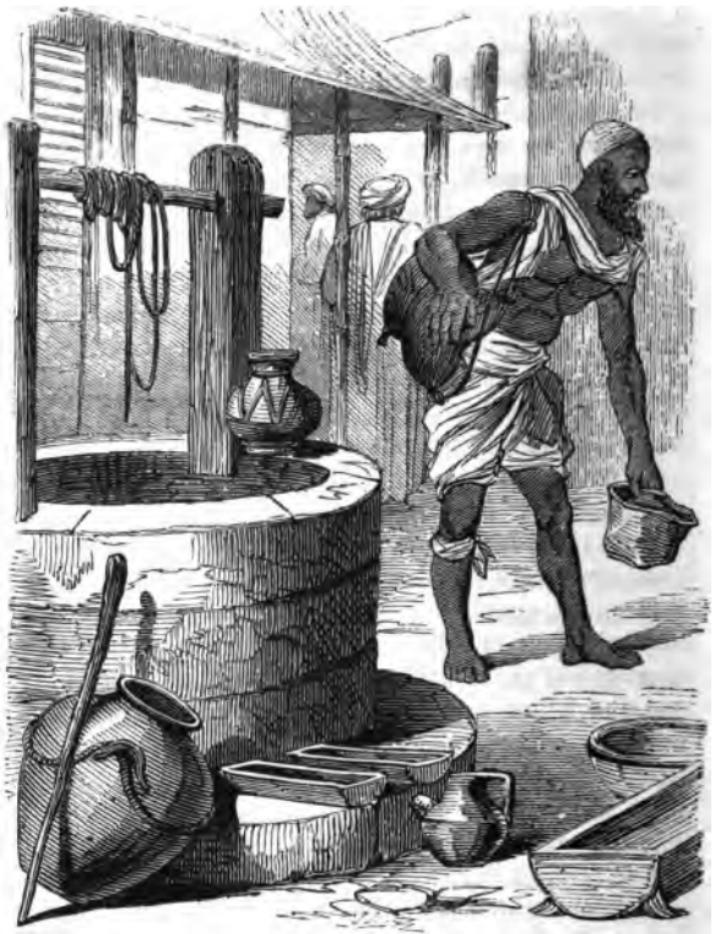
**"STAY AND TEACH US."**

A MISSIONARY's son narrates the following expedient used by the natives of an island in the South Seas to detain the Missionary and his family—

"As soon as it was rumoured that we were going, there was no small stir amongst the people. Why should we leave? Why not stay and teach them? They would do any thing my parents asked them to do. Finding that persuasion availed nothing, they declared they would keep us by force. Here was a fix. After a good deal of expostulation, the chiefs agreed, very reluctantly, to let us go. The day of departure came. The boxes and goods were all put on board, and we all started for the beach to get into the last boat. But many hindrances were put in our way.

"One old woman would insist upon selling my mother some eggs, to keep us from going down to the beach. We got rid of her at last, and came down to the shore. Then everybody would shake hands and make a farewell speech, simply to cause delay. But my father now insisted upon our being put into the boat. At this moment one of the natives got hold of the little baby, and the fellow coolly walked off, saying, 'They will never go without the baby, so I will run off with the baby.' Imagine my poor mother's alarm and distress when she saw the native running off with her baby. The 'hue and cry' was raised in a moment, and the man had to return and surrender the child to its mother."

Such an incident shows the desire of the heathen to receive Christian instruction. Shall we withhold it? Rather, as "good stewards," let us freely give what we have freely received.



THE VILLAGE WELL AT KULAKATTAKURICHI.

## TINNEVELLY.

## SIVAGASI DISTRICT.

News of the progress of the work in Tinnevelly is always welcome, we believe, to our readers. The Bishop of Calcutta has written a letter, in which he describes a visit to that interesting locality. We quote from his letter—

“You may be desirous to know what a traveller actually sees in Tinnevelly. Many things remind him at once of a flourishing English parish. There is a church; there is the Missionary’s bungalow, standing in a pretty garden, and generally provided with a capital swimming-bath; there are schools for boys and girls; and there are the native cottages, often laid out in regular streets, with a large tree in the middle of the village, under which the ‘headmen’ administer justice.

“Twice a day in each church a short service is held. The morning worship is chiefly attended by women, as most of the husbands are then climbing the palmyras; and the evening by men, whose wives are then preparing the family dinner. But on Sunday all attend, and the sight is most impressive and encouraging. Take Mengnanapuram for an example. On the floor are seated 1400 dusky natives, the catechists and schoolmasters dressed in full suits of white, the poorer men wearing waistcloths only; the women often in gay, but not gaudy colours; the schoolchildren massed together in two squares, attentive, kneeling during the prayers, joining heartily in the responses, and listening eagerly to the sermon. The sermon is often broken up into a catechetical form. “Can you finish that text for me?” inquires the preacher; or, “What did I say would be

the second head of my sermon?" and an answer is given in full chorus from that part of the church to which the question is addressed. Moreover, the more intelligent of the congregation keep up their attention by writing notes of the preacher's words, with their 'styles' on strips of palmyra leaves. When we add that the singing is admirable, soft, melodious, reverential, and accompanied by an excellent harmonium, we shall convince you that a service at Mengnanapuram impresses a visitor."

This account is very cheering, and moves us to cry, "Let us give thanks unto our Lord God."

*Sivagasi District.*

This important district is under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. R. Meadows, and the Rev. J. Cornelius and the Rev. V. Devanayagam, native clergymen. A large body of native catechists assist them in the ministry to Christian congregations, or in preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and there are many churches and school-houses.

Mr. Meadows, in a recent letter, speaks of much disappointment, and many trials. The professing Christians, being few in number in any village, compared with the heathen residents, are often sorely tempted to conform, for the sake of worldly advantage, to heathen customs. Whilst God gives many grace to withstand temptation to evil, others, to the Missionary's great grief, "fall away." From Kulakattakurichi Mr. Meadows writes—

The catechist is in great trouble about getting water, and as his case illustrates a very common position of

affairs, I will give it in full. Most of the houses in the village are high-caste Naicks : he and his people are Pariahs. All the water in the neighbourhood is brackish : the village well is the only fresh-water well within a distance of several miles. It is in an open thoroughfare in one of the streets inhabited by Naicks. But of course, although dogs and cattle are allowed to drink of the water, and persons are found to draw water into the trough for them, Pariahs and other low-caste people are forbidden to get water. The catechist, for the last five years, paid persons to give him a pot or two a day for drinking purposes ; but for the last eight months the people have prevented it, or else the individual who thus served him has left. He can now get water in no other way than by asking any Naick for whom his wife may chance to work to give him a pot of water. On examining the well, its positions, &c., I noticed two little troughs (if two rough sticks, badly scooped out, can be called troughs), into which water is poured for Pariahs, if perchance any one condescends to have pity upon them. Under one was a pot, which had been there probably half the day, waiting till some one should have compassion on its owner. Such is the unfeeling nature of caste, to which the oppressor and oppressed cling with a tenacity from which no persuasion or suffering can separate them."

Truly we may say "There are many adversaries," and yet the Lord is mightier than "the enemy." We hope one day to read of a congregation at Kulakattakurichi as devout, attentive, and sincere, as the one at Mengnanapuram.

*(To be continued.)*

## AFRICA.

THE following letter is from a daughter of Bishop Crowther—

*Lagos, June 9th.*

MY DEAR MISS LANFEAR,—I promised in my last to give you a longer account of the Niger Mission by this mail. My father has been to Sierra Leone to seek for Christian teachers, both for the Niger and Bonny stations. Those for Bonny he brought away with him and passed on with them to their stations, where they are now pretty comfortably settled—a schoolmaster and his assistant. King Pepple had promised to go halves in the share of establishing a Missionary station in his country. Towards his promise he has given 75*l.*, 150*l.* being his share. With this 75*l.* my father has built a school large enough to contain seventy-five children, which is their present number. Forty-five of them have been examined by the bishop, and found able to say the alphabet correctly. They are now learning to spell words of two and three letters.

You will be pleased to know that the books, slates, and pencils from Reading are all they have had for use, so you can fancy how acceptable such presents to the Niger Mission will continue to be. A box from another part of England supplied the school with needles, thread, and thimbles. The bags from Reading, and the parcel from the two little girls, are to go up further—to Onitsha, Igara, Idda, and the Confluence; so, as it happens, we have not too many things yet, but I hardly like to intrude on your kindness. The jockey-cap sent in the last box is intended for a king: my sister, Mrs. Macaulay, is now covering it with beads and lace to make it look more fantastic. The red coats are all

packed up to go by the "Bayley." My father will tell you best how he disposes of them when he writes to you and Mrs. Malaher, which he considers as a debt justly due. I hope, when we get up the Niger, to take the entire charge of a girls' school. I shall from time to time call on Reading for bags, small-clothes, needles, pins, &c., to coax my poor benighted little friends to come to school. You cannot fancy, dear friend, the amount of good effect a little red bag can produce, or a little skirt or jacket; what tears they will dry up from not wanting to come to school. Old dresses are sometimes very useful for old women who cannot afford to buy. I could give out every old frock, skirt, or jacket, to our old people, who make coverings of them, and we have many aged people who come to church. I gave a skirt the other day to an old woman, and begged her particularly not to wear it out of doors, as it was too shabby to give to anybody. But what was my astonishment, three days after, to see the old lady coming with as many patches as there were holes on that very skirt. I turned round quite amused and said, "Nanny, why do you wear this clothes outside?" She answered, "Missis, me old, and if me wear patch clothes, no one will catch me." On further examination, I found she had spent three days patching up her "good, good clothes," as she calls them. I have now no more such to give away, and there are many who would be glad of them.

"You will be sorry to hear that a blockade has been placed on Abbeokuta: the people feel it, but the Governor will not give way till they submit. The road to Ibadan continues open. May the Lord do what seemeth good in his time! I shall leave Lagos with reluctance, and my old friends here, who often make

me presents of parched corn and kola-nuts, and salute me whenever we meet. With much desire for your warmest prayers on my new attempt,

"I remain, dear Miss Lanfear,

"Very truly your's,

"JULIA THOMPSON."

~~~~~

HYMN.

LORD, send out Thy light and Thy truth,
For Thy Son's sake, who bled on the tree ;
Holy Spirit, strive mightily now,
Make each one a meet temple for Thee.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Blessed Jesus ! the sinner's best friend ;
Let the nations rejoice and be glad,
And sing praise to Thee, "world without end."

O send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Let it shine from the east to the west ;
Let it brighten the north and the south,
That dark souls be new born to be blest.

Lord, send out Thy light and Thy truth,
Till our world from all sin is set free—
Till the love of Thee covers the earth,
As the waters now cover the sea.

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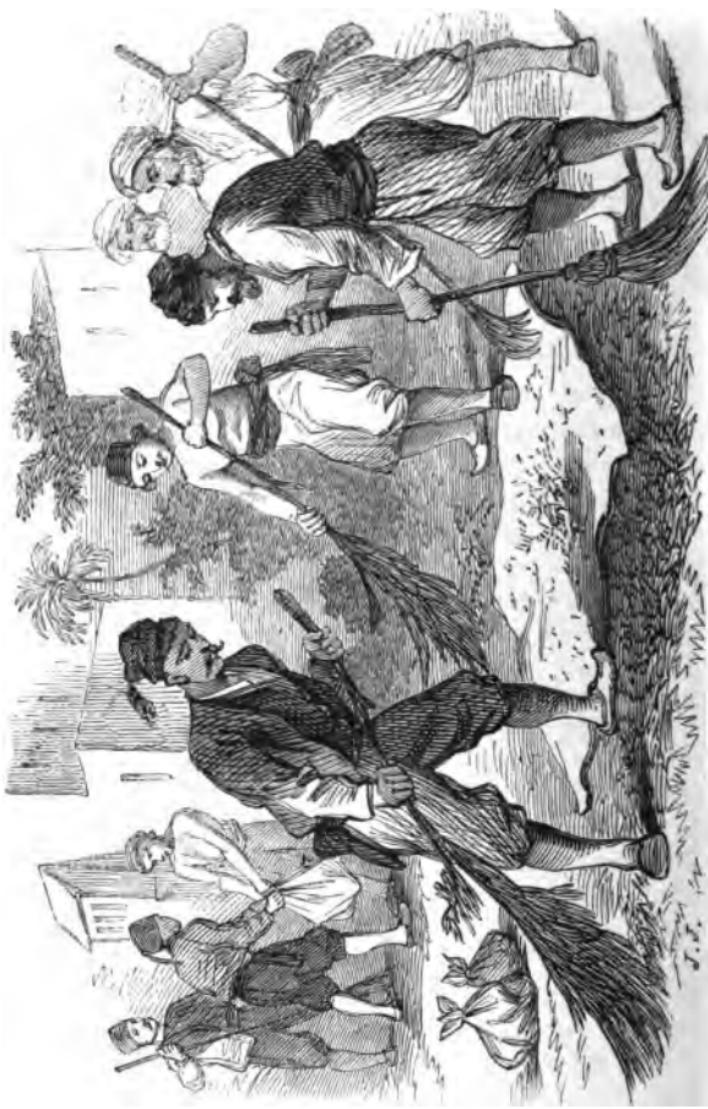
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DECEMBER.

N



MODE OF DESTROYING LOCUSTS IN TURKEY.

## THE LOCUSTS.

GREAT distress has been caused in Palestine by the plague of locusts, which have visited the East. From Jerusalem, Nazareth, and other towns, the cry of famine has reached us, and many are assisting to relieve the distress of the hungry people.

Locusts of old comprised "God's terrible army," with which He visited for sins.

Let the following letter be read from our Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. J. Zeller—

*"Nazareth, June 13, 1865—The Lord has smitten this unfortunate land with the eighth Egyptian plague—the plague of locusts. Read Exodus x. 4—6.*

"These words are strictly applicable to our present condition. The plains of Esdraelon, as well as the other plains of Palestine, were hitherto only infested with them, but now the young breed of locusts is spreading over the whole land, marching (not flying, for the young ones have no wings) out of the plain in immense columns, and destroying every thing. Proverbs xxx. 27—'The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.' Three days ago the first army arrived at the vineyards south and west of Nazareth. The whole population of the town and villages turned out to protect at least a part of their property. The first day they succeeded, by keeping immense fires all round the vineyards. But the next day arrived the real army, and, in spite of the fires, the land was inundated as by a flood; and in a few hours gardens and vineyards were stripped of every green leaf, and even the prickly pears (cactus hedges) were attacked. The people had to take to flight, *My vineyard and garden*

are utterly destroyed, though a number of men and all our schoolboys did their best to defend them. Since yesterday afternoon the locusts have poured into the town. It was a real war: the whole town was enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust, and the shouting was deafening. But every contrivance and all energy was in vain: the locusts covered the south part of the town, and attacked my house also. Since yesterday my people did their best to keep at least our court free, and since this morning even the ladies are working as hard as possible; but now every one is exhausted, and gives up the fight in despair. While I am writing this the locusts are covering my court, my roofs, and all the walls of my house, so perfectly, that we had to shut ourselves up in our rooms, and close every door and window carefully. But as often as the door is opened, a dozen jump in. The little garden in our house, and every flower, is destroyed. The whole country will soon be a desert. The necessary consequence must be famine and disease.

*“June 14—New swarms of locusts have arrived to-day, and the whole country round is so thickly covered with them, that for the next week no relief from this horrible plague can be expected. To-day they penetrated into my rooms, and are marching over my table whilst I am writing. Many of the people have left their houses in despair, closing them as well as they could. The bazaars are shut, all business and commerce is suspended, and our schools are closed. Yesterday, also the beautiful gardens of Saphoore, which provide Nazareth with fruit and vegetables, were utterly destroyed by the locusts. In a few days not a single green leaf will be left round Nazareth. The people, depending at this time of the year mostly on the pro-*

duce of their gardens and fruit-trees, are deprived of their means of subsistence. The winter crops, consisting of wheat, barley, lentils, beans, &c., are greatly damaged, but the summer crops of Indian corn, sesam, cotton, &c., are quite destroyed. The only remaining provisions—corn and meat—are exceedingly dear: milk and oil are scarcely to be got."

May God, by these trials, move many to repentance, and "when his judgments are in the world, may the inhabitants thereof learn righteousness."

This visitation was not altogether unforeseen. Two of our Missionaries, in a tour through Asia Minor in 1863, write—

"At noon we halted at a Turkish farm, and had some conversation with its owner. He told us in all earnest that many locusts had been destroyed by the Imâms reading verses of the Korân over them. The locusts have committed great ravages for some years past. This year the Government has ordered steps to be taken for their destruction. Every individual is required to bring in a certain quantity. Accordingly, in some places nearly the whole population has turned out. They form themselves into parties; a sheet or carpet is spread out, and into this the locusts, which at this season can only hop short distances, are swept by means of brooms or branches (*see Picture*). They are gathered into bags, weighed, and afterwards buried. The Turks are very much opposed to this wholesale destruction of animal life. It goes against their ideas of fate. At Cassaba we were told that the Mohammedans say, 'Oh, it is all very well to collect these locusts; but those who do so do not know that after

them comes an old man with a white beard (Mohammed) who sows them broad-cast."

But in spite of all these precautions, the locusts have multiplied, and covered the land. Let us pray that God may be pleased in judgment to remember mercy, and to cause many to hunger, not only for "the bread that perisheth," but for that which "endureth unto eternal life." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

~~~~~

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

No. XI.

Matt. xiii. 25, &c.—"While men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

NEAR one of the Mission stations, which I once occupied, there was some waste land, a portion of which adjoined the Mission land. This waste land belonged to the Government, and had not been cultivated for so many years, that the Government issued a proclamation, that any portion of it should be given to any one who would undertake to cultivate it. I applied for that portion of it which joined on to the Mission land, and it was granted to me for the Church Missionary Society. I had it sown with a particular kind of seed, which, if I remember aright, was called "yerllu." After it had grown to be a few inches high, a person in the employ of the Mission came to me one morning and

said, "Sir, did you not sow yerllu in your field?" I answered, "Yes." He continued, "How is it, then, that there is 'samipier' growing in it?" I asked him whether there was not both yerllu and samipier growing together, and he said that there was, and that some enemy must have sown the samipier at night. The practice is so common in that country, that as soon as I heard what had been done, I knew that there was some one else intending to lay claim to the land which had just been granted to the Church Missionary Society. I will not describe the clever but wicked process by which a malicious person seeks to turn his hatred of his neighbour to his own advantage, by appropriating to himself the lands belonging of right to that neighbour, further than to say, that sowing another kind of seed over that which the rightful owner had sown is generally a part of it. It is not always, however, the result of mere malice, for persons having a real claim to disputed lands will often do the same thing. Whatever the motive may be, the immediate object is to prove a claim to the land, and to get possession of it. I found out the person who had done it, and applied without delay to the Court to have his claim investigated. The Court decided in favour of the Mission, awarded to it the land and all that there was upon it. Thus the yerllu and the samipier belonged to the Mission; and when the harvest came I did what I thought best for the Mission with both. In the parable the field is the world. It belongs to God; but Satan lays claim to it, and wishes to gain possession, and to do as he likes with all the inhabitants. He calls himself the friend of this world, and claims the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. But the Lord Jesus has the rightful claim, and power to maintain it. He will do as he pleases at the

time of the harvest. All who are then found to be the children of the wicked one He will deliver over to be burned, and gather the righteous into his Father's kingdom. What a solemn truth this is! and it is rendered still more so by a consideration which is not illustrated in the parable. There is no process by which tares can become wheat; but there is a way by which the children of the wicked one may become the children of the kingdom. Christ is that way. By receiving the Gospel of Christ, and believing in Him, the heathen may become Christians, and be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Every child can help in sending that Gospel to them. Who will refuse or neglect to do so?

~~~~~

#### THE LAST SIXPENCE.

THE subject of the following brief sketch died six years ago. From early childhood he evinced deep interest in the cause of Missions, which was strengthened by his mother's reading to him stories from the "Green Book," also from the best of books, the Bible. Often would tears roll down his cheeks while she read to him the sweet story of the cross. After these readings she would say to him, "George, will you not spare your pennies to help to send Missionaries to the poor little black children in heathen lands?" He would eagerly answer, "Yes." He not merely promised, but practised. When money was given to him as a reward, part of it always found its way into the Missionary-box. In the Yorkshire village near which he lived there is an annual Missionary Meeting held in the parish church. Before the eventful day arrived great was the anxiety manifested by George as to the contents of the box: he

would raise it in his hands, test its weight, and say, "I wonder how much it will contain; I fear not so much as it did last year." After its return from the Meeting he was generally the first contributor for the forthcoming year. One day, after searching every pocket, he turned to his mother, with a beautiful smile on his countenance, and said, "Here, mother, take it, it is my last sixpence: put it in the Missionary-box." And it proved to be his last. In a few days after this he sickened and died; and the youthful Missionary of twelve years went to dwell with the redeemed above, where, around the throne of God, thousands of children stand. The mother of George still keeps her Missionary-box: her interest in it is deeper than ever, while she remembers her darling child gave his last sixpence to it; and year by year, as the box is made up for the Meeting, contributions for the absent one are deposited in it.

Dear readers of the "Green Book," will you not imitate the example of George, and give, not only your pence, but your sixpences, to the cause of the Saviour who loved you, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

J. S.

#### "IDOLATRY."

"I KNEW a company of chucklers (shoemakers), living near Bangalore, who wanted a god to worship. What do you think they did? They made an immense pair of shoes, put them on a stone altar, burnt incense to them, and bowed down before them. Perhaps the shoes were as proper gods as the idols of wood or stone, or the idol 'gold,' which the universal world adores, and which, alas! so many Christians worship."



WORSHIP OF THE HEATHEN GODDESS, MÁRIAMMAN.

## TINNEVELLY.

## SIVAGASI DISTRICT.

*(Continued from page 173.)*

We continue our account of the opposition of Satan to the work of our Missionaries.

Mr. Meadows writes from Tottiapatti—

*The goddess of small-pox.*

There is a great feast here in honour or in fear of Māriamman. She is the goddess of small-pox. There is a saying here when a Christian dies of small-pox, "Māriamman has broken his neck." But when a heathen dies it is "Māriamman wanted some one to carry her flower-basket, and so she has sent for him." The present feast is to induce the goddess to send rain: all night there have been tom-toms and ceremonies. The person who is to speak out the oracle of the goddess is taken down to the river's bank, or to a well, besmeared, as to his forehead and throat, with saffron mixed with lemon-juice, which makes it blood-red. He is adorned with a gold band on his forehead, with a garland of flowers about his neck, and bells on his legs. Accompanied by loud, wild music and a crowd of people, he bears a vessel of water towards the temple, and places it before the earthen idol. Soon உடுக்கி, which we translate "grace," but which means the "influence of the god," comes on him, and he dances frantically. This is the time for the people to ask about rain, their sicknesses, &c. On the present occasion it was said that rain would fall in quantity in eight days. As I was writing these particulars, I observed eight vessels in which rice was boiling, arranged in a row before the

temple ; and musicians were playing the praises of the goddess inside. As I left, and had to pass the temple, there lay a sheep with its head lopped off, and another was standing there ready for the slaughter. (I need not say that on the eighth day afterwards there was no more sign of rain than there had been for days and weeks before.)

By such superstitions as these Satan holds the people in cruel bondage. The fear of the people for the gods they ignorantly worship is very great. Does any ill befall an inquirer after Christ, the heathen say, "It is the god you leave who troubles you," and this will often alarm a man so that he shuns the Missionary, and turns back again to the abominations of idolatry. Mr. Meadows writes—

At the catechist's class to-day I learnt that an inquirer, who had lost his first three children, went, or consented to let his wife go, to an astrologer, in the hope of saving the fourth. An inquirer in Madham-coilpatti, where the cholera has been raging, has apostatized under the influence of fear. The heathen have built again the temple of Káli, which had fallen down, hoping thus to avert her wrath.

But all is not discouragement. Mr. Meadows must have rejoiced in spirit when he wrote—

Afterwards I went to see an old woman, who for about two years lived on our compound at Sachia-puram. It was truly touching to see how she received me. She almost tumbled out of her house in her eagerness to get to me. Then she stroked me all over, and laid her head upon my breast. "I have seen my father again," she repeated over and over again. There seemed

no getting from her. I was accompanied by about fifty heathen, who could not fail to be struck, I think, with the sight.

From the report of the Rev. J. Cornelius, we learn that there are hopeful signs for the future—

I am glad to be able to say that the congregations have increased, not only in numbers, but also in grace and steadiness. I may safely assert that they have exhibited a greater abhorrence of that which is evil, and a greater desire to cleave to that which is good. Sincere Christians are growing in real piety, and are becoming more and more ripe for heaven ; and those who are only nominally such are becoming more and more alive to the importance of securing a personal interest in the salvation procured for us by the eternal Son of God.

I have not forgotten constantly to set before them the importance of the subject of self-support. Besides what they gave in Sunday and sacramental collections, and in oil for lighting the churches, they have collected about 115 rupees for various religious purposes, and nearly twenty rupees for the *Masulipatam Relief Fund*. They are made to support their own poor, and, with one single exception, they have either built or repaired their own churches and the houses of their catechists and schoolmasters.

In three or four places large bodies of inquirers have placed themselves under instruction. I do not as yet wish to say any thing about them, as it remains to be seen whether they will remain steadfast or not.

A few chucklers in a village called Yelumitchankai-patti, near my house, have given me much encouragement. Though they have been Christians only the last

two years, yet their sincerity, their diligence, and their earnest wish to have their children educated, have been such as to put to shame many Christians of long standing. One of them, a few weeks after he was baptized, was constantly begging me to admit him to the communion. When I asked him to wait a little longer, after a few more weeks he came to me with this argument, "Sir, how long am I to wait? I have been washed, must I not be fed? Do admit me, Sir, to the holy communion." Such earnest request could no longer be denied, and he is now a communicant.

Another family of Christians, in a small village called Dhurasamiapuram, has been the object of my especial care. This family, consisting of nine souls, has been baptized during the past half-year. The head of the family, an old man, has exhibited strong faith. He was suddenly taken ill with dropsy. His sight also began to fail. Under these circumstances his heathen friends who came to see him did all they could to persuade him to go back to heathenism. They even threatened to injure him and his family. But he made a good confession, and showed that his faith was founded upon the Rock of Ages. His language was that of Job, "Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him." I was very much encouraged by this example of simple faith. This is indeed the faith which overcometh the world. May the number of such hidden ones daily increase!

In conclusion, I have now been more than five years an ordained minister of the Gospel, and feel much pleasure in being able to say that my delight in this work is increasing. I have not had much success, but I feel happy in the service of my Master. I feel certain that there are many in my division who have experienced that change of heart which is necessary for entering

into the kingdom of heaven, many who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. At times I feel discouraged at the little success I meet with in my ministry, but the Saviour's command is explicit, and I can only say, "Nevertheless, at Thy word will I let down the net," not doubting that He who called me to be a "fisher of men" will, through me, enclose a great multitude of fishes. I cannot, however, close this short account of my labours without earnestly requesting the Committee and other Christian friends, who pray for the coming of God's kingdom, to remember me and my work in their prayers.

---

### THE TORN TRACT.

IN Assam, which is a country in the East Indies, a little girl, who for two years had attended the Mission school, came one day to tell her teacher the sorrow she felt for sin. A few days after, as she was going to the school-house, she picked up a torn leaf of a tract, which contained an invitation to sinners to trust in the atoning blood of Christ. She read it again and again, and showed it to one of her school-mates, saying, "What beautiful words!" She carefully laid up the torn leaf, and every day took it out to read. By degrees her soul found peace and hope, her fears fled, and she became a true Christian.—*Carrier Dove.*

---

### THE PAST.

ANOTHER year is gone! What can we say of "the past?" Have we used the days that are gone to the glory of God, who made us and has preserved us? Surely we must say—writers and readers, old and young together—"O Lord, be pleased to pardon our lack of love, zeal, and service. O God, if spared to

see another year, may our love to Thee increase,  
 our zeal for the extension of Thy kingdom be enlarged,  
 and our service be tenfold what it has been.  
 O merciful Lord God, pardon and bless what we  
 have tried to do for Thee, and give us the increase of  
 faith, hope, and love for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WELCOME, Christmas ! welcome here,  
 Happiest season of the year !  
 Fires are blazing thee to greet ;  
 Families together meet ;  
 Brothers, sisters, circle round ;  
 Loud is laughter's joyous sound ;  
 For Old England loves to see  
 All her children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas ! for thy voice  
 Calls upon us to rejoice ;  
 Not with idle, foolish mirth,  
 Born and perishing on earth :  
 Far be that ungrateful thought,  
 Ours are mercies dearly bought—  
 Dearly bought, but freely given,  
 By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we, then, on Christ our eye ;  
 May we feel the Saviour nigh !  
 May we meet around the board,  
 All rejoicing in the Lord !  
 Be the Babe of Bethlehem near,  
 May His smile the season cheer !  
 And each gladdened heart and tongue  
 Join the angels' Christmas song !



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